THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1443.

Choice Poetry.

I CHARGE THEE TO REMEMBER.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

By the rushing of the waters
Of our native mountain streams,
Whose music long shall mingle
With thy haunted midnight dreams,
By the purple of those mountains—
By the azure of that sky—
By the everlasting shadows,
Round the forest trees that lie—
By the paths we trod together,
By the glade where first we met,
Do I charge thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

By the softness of the morning,
The glory of the noon—
By the shining of the silver stars,
The red face of the moon—
By the calm and tender twilight,
The dropping summer showers—
By the songs that glad the greenwood
In the merry time of flowers—
By the freshness of the greensward,
With evening dew-drops wet,
Do I charge thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

By the wild and wintry tempest,
The fierce autumnal breeze—
By the howling of the storm-blast
O'er those frozen northern seas—
By wind, and frost, and darkness—
By fragrance, light, and bloom—
By summer's wreath of beauty—
By winter's brow of gloom—
By earth, where flowers are springing
By Heaven, where stars are set,
Do I bind thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

By all those happy moments
Whose memories thrill me now—
Memories which dim thy downcast eyes,
And flush thy drooping brow;
Which quiver on thy false, false lip,
And heave thy faithless breast,
And long that frail heart of thine
Shall stir in deep unrest—
Memories beneath whose silent might
Thy cheeks with tears are wet;
Do I bind thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

By love, with all its rapture,
By love, with all its tears,
Its bliss, so mixed with sorrow,
Its hope, so full of fears,
Its passion and its anguish,
Its wildness and its woe—
By all that thou so well hast known—
And never more mayst know—
By the joys forever past away,
The dreams that linger yet,
Do I charge thee to remember
All thou wouldst most forget.

Oh! false as thou hast been to me,
False to thine own weak heart,
Too deep a sadness thrills me now
While thee, while *thus* we part.
Oh! by the love which outraged,
Doth its own vengeance bring,
By thine own guilt and my deep wrong
And all our suffering,
By weary life and welcome death,
By shame, despair, regret,
Do I bind thee to remember
All thou wouldst most *forget*.

Sketches of Travel.

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. K. TOWNSEND, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF A "NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," &c.

On the 12th day of December, 1834, we sailed from the mouth of the Columbia or Oregon River, bound for the Sandwich Islands. The dangerous bar, at the mouth of the river, was crossed in safety, though for the space of about twenty minutes, the sea roared and boiled around our frail barque like an enormous cauldron; and the billows, upheaved from the very bottom, at each instant threatened to engulph us in their briny depths.

At this spot several vessels belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company have been lost, and it was here that the United States ship Peacock, when attached to the Exploring Expedition foundered, carrying with her the products of many months of labor and scientific toil performed by our energetic and indefatigable countrymen.

We were, as may be supposed, heartily glad to leave this frightful place, and in a few minutes were booming along over a beautiful, placid sea, at the rate of eight knots an hour.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that, to me, interested as I always have been in the beautiful and marvellous works of Providence, *every thing* in the shape of animated nature inhabiting the sea, possessed extraordinary attractions. We had not been long afloat before my attention was turned to scores of a beautiful marine animal, lying supinely on the unruffled surface. These are a sort of soft molusk, called *Medusa*. They have a cartilaginous body, and vary from the size of a man's hand to that of the head of a barrel. The upper part, or that seen near the surface of the water, is slightly convex, and two whitish spots appear upon it resembling eyes; the lower portion, or that sunk below the surface, has usually a tube projecting from it, expanded or flared out like the end of a clarionet. I secured, by means of a bucket having a line attached to it, a number of these curious animals, some of which I put in spirits for the purpose of preserving them, but found it to be impossible. A few hours immersion sufficed either entirely to dissolve them, or to deprive them of their elegant form and splendid colors; and I therefore abandoned the idea of collecting them. The only mode by which these magnificent creatures can be represented to those who stay at home, is by making accurate colored drawings of the animal immediately after it is taken from the water. The same difficulty exists in regard to the preservation of the gorgeous fishes of the intertropical regions.

Off Cape Disappointment, and for several hundred miles out at sea, we observed great numbers of sea birds of various kinds, Cormorants, large and small Petrels, Mother Cary's Chickens, &c. The last named birds are so called by the sailors from a superstition too well known to be repeated here. In connexion with this superstition, Jack has also the credit of believing, not only that the appearance of this pretty and harmless bird is always indicative of the near approach of a storm, but if any one has the temerity to catch or kill one, the vessel in which he sails will surely be overtaken with a tempest and destroyed. This slander has been circulated almost as extensively as the name of the bird is known. That it is a slander, I am perfectly well convinced, from having mingled much with sailors at sea, and conversed freely with them. As a class, it is admitted they are superstitious, though much less so than formerly; witness the sailing of numerous ships on *Friday*, a departure from nautical rules which would not have been tolerated a few years since. From this, and other highly favorable changes which have taken place in the feelings and conduct of this class of men, I trust soon to hear of their being, in a great measure, disenthralled from the general odium which has so long attached to them, occasioned doubtless by their own obstinacy in following the steps of their progenitors. I have never seen an instance of the superstition alluded to above, but on the contrary, have frequently been aided by sailors in catching "Mother Cary's Chickens."

As we approached the line we were gratified by seeing considerable numbers of the beautiful Tropic Bird, (*Phaton Etherius*.) I had been long familiar with this elegant bird from the dried specimens in our Museums, but until I saw it living and sporting in the air, I had no idea of its exquisite grace and symmetry. It is about the size of a pigeon, of a pure silvery white all over, the breast and belly strongly tinged with rose-color. It is remarkable for having two central tail-feathers, of a brilliant crimson, and about twice the length of the whole body. I procured several specimens but unfortunately lost more than I obtained, from their falling into the sea after having been shot flying over the ship. The native boys of the Sandwich and Society Islands adopt a singular mode of obtaining the long lanceolate tail-feathers, which are sometimes used as head ornaments by the natives, and are also sold in bundles as curiosities to strangers. The birds, at certain seasons, resort in immense numbers to the high and precipitous rocks of the coast to breed. The boys visit these communities at the time when the birds are known to be sitting, and silently approaching the nest, quickly and adroitly pluck the two long feathers from the tail without doing other injury to the anxious parent. By this mode so many feathers are procured, that on almost any day, in the Island of Oahu, at least fifty bunches, of the size of a man's arm, might be purchased from the boys, who hawk them about for sale.

A large brown Albatross of a species different from the well-known White Bird of the Cape, inhabits these seas. Though smaller than the latter, it nevertheless measures from twelve to fourteen feet across the wings. No one who has not seen this noble bird in flight can form any idea of the extreme ease and grace with which it skims over the foaming billows. Its long, falcate wing seems never to tire. Sometimes it seeks the upper regions of the atmosphere, sailing without any apparent motion of its pinions, and darting and circling through the yielding ether as if in sport. Again, it descends to the surface of the ocean, and floats over the dashing and sparkling waves; now lost to sight in the deep trough of the sea, and instantly reappearing on the crest of the next billow. On, on he flies over the wild and wasteful ocean, without ever appearing to rest, except when he alights to pick up something floating on its surface. As an instance of the almost incredible endurance of the Albatross, I will relate a circumstance which occurred during my voyage from Chili to the United States. About five days after leaving the port of Valparaiso, a single Albatross made his appearance, the first we had seen. I happened, at the time, to be practising with a pair of large horseman's pistols; my target being a porter-bottle suspended from the fore-yard. As the bird hove in sight, our captain seized one of my pistols and fired. The ball passed through one of the wings, breaking a large feather, but doing the bird no further injury. Strange to say, this bird kept with us, being easily recognizable by the broken and dangling feather. It became a habit with me each morning, to look for the Albatross, and I never was kept long waiting. Indeed the huge bird seemed to have taken a fancy to our ship, (although it must be acknowledged he had not been treated very kindly by us,) and night or day he appeared never to leave us. Whenever the moon gave light, our *consort*, (as we called him,) was always near us, and for the space of more than three weeks—during which time we voyaged about two thousand five hundred miles, including the boisterous passage around Cape Horn—we never knew him to alight upon the surface of the sea, except to pick up such food as was occasionally thrown to him from the vessel.

Finding it to be impossible to procure these and other marine birds by the use of the gun, I was compelled to resort to the common though more cruel mode of taking them—baiting a hook and hauling them in by a line, like fish. The Cape Pigeon, (*Procellaria capensis*,) and many other of the smaller sea-birds are very readily secured in this way; but with the large Albatross the case is widely different. When hooked in the bill it resists with all its might, spreading its long and powerful wings over the surface of the sea, and catching every wave as it is drawn towards the ship. Sometimes the hook is torn out, and then the evident suffering endured by the poor bird is so painful to behold, that even the callous and unsympathising naturalist is ready to desist.

It is a curious fact, that neither the Albatross, nor any other of the larger sea-birds, is capable of rising from the deck of a ship when once landed upon it. They require a yielding surface such as the element upon which they live, to enable them to commence their flight.

The little "Mother Cary's Chicken," or "Stormy Petrel," as it is often called, is, I believe, never known to alight upon the water. It picks up its food—which consists of small sea-nettles, or any fatty matter floating upon the sea—while on wing, pattering constantly, with its little delicate feet, upon the surface. From this well known habit, it originally acquired its name—Petrel—from its walking upon the water, like Peter attempted to do, when he would have met his Divine Master upon the sea of Galilee.

On the 2nd day of February, we made several of the islands of the Sandwich group, Hawaii, Morokai and Morokinne; and on the afternoon of the 5th, came in sight of Oahu, our destination. The evening being clear and free from haze, and the moon shining brightly, we were enabled to run until we dropped our anchor off "Diamond Hill," a high point of land, within sight, by day, of the town of Honoruru. As I leaned over the rail of our vessel, gazing at the shore on our quarter, with its lofty peaks and lovely sleeping vales, clearly defined by the light of the full-orbed moon, I thought I never had witnessed any thing so perfectly enchanting. The warm breeze, which came in gentle puffs from the land, seemed to bear fragrance on its wings, and to discourse of the rich and sunny climes from which it came. The whole scene was to me like fairy-land. I thought of Captain Cook, and fancied his having been here, and gazing with delighted eyes upon the very prospect before me, little dreaming that after all he had endured, he should here be sacrificed by the very people to whom he hoped to prove a benefactor and friend. The noise and bustle on deck, sailors running to and fro making the ship "snug" for harbor, and all the preparations for an arrival, effectually banished my meditations, and I descended to my state-room, to sleep away the tedious hours, till the morrow should reveal all the new and strange features of the land to which we had come.

On the next morning early the pilot boarded us; our anchor was weighed, and we sailed along within view of the beautifully indented shore, fringed with groves of tall cocoanut trees, and the little sylvan cottages of the natives sprinkled thickly over the extended plains.

When we arrived off the town, the natives of both sexes came around our ship by hundreds in their frail and light canoes, to have a peep at the strangers; and along the shore, in the vicinity, dozens of women, men and boys were seen diving into the sea headforemost, seeking for *echini, sea urchins and Patella*. The natives of these islands are of a light copper or bronze color, usually tall and well formed; and the feet and hands of the women are diminutive enough to please the most aristocratic lady of any Christian land. Many of the latter are extremely handsome, and very few are really homely. Their dress consists usually of a single garment, made either of common calico, or the native cloth called *Tapa*, which they manufacture from the bark of a species of *Morus*. The dresses of the women vary considerably according to their rank. The chiefs are clad in rich silks and satins, made in the European style, and do not, like the common people, confine themselves to a single garment; but among all the inferior classes, even those who are married to the white residents, the simple frock of calico or tapa constitutes, usually, the entire dress. This garment is as simple as it is possible to make it, its sole fastening consisting of a drawing-string around the neck. It is not bound at the waist, but suffered to hang loosely from the shoulders. Many of the women, particularly when walking or riding, wear an additional garment, which they call a *pau*. This is a long narrow strip of calico, tapa, or silk, of six or eight yards in length, and is wrapped tightly around the hips. Shoes or stockings, except among the females of rank, are not worn.

It is impossible, I think, to reside for any length of time among these islanders without becoming deeply interested in them. Their manners are very mild and agreeable, and their hospitality cannot be exceeded even by the North American Indians, who are celebrated for this virtue wherever they are known. In the island of Oahu, where the King holds his court, and where most of the foreign merchants reside, the natives are sophisticated by intercourse with sailors, and others of the lowest class of white people. They are not, therefore, fair specimens of their race; but on the islands where few white men dwell, and these composed almost exclusively of missionaries, the natives are simple, gentle and virtuous. I have never been more kindly or hospitably treated than in the houses of these primitive people residing on islands possessing but little to tempt foreigners to form settlements. They were always ready to aid me in my natural history collecting, in many cases not even expecting remuneration for their trouble.

They are most valuable assistants to the naturalist and collector. Being so truly amphibious in their habits, they serve the conchologist admirably in place of a dredge; diving into the sea, among the rocks, and searching the bottom for shells with wonderful pertinacity and success. They are also very successful bird-catchers. In the island of Oahu they procure the gum of a tree which they call "*Tu-tu*," and make of it a tenacious paste by moistening it with water. They smear little sticks with this paste and plunge them into the large pods of the banana, which contain a sweet juice of which the bird is extremely fond. The bird alights upon the gummed stick, and his feet are in an instant so firmly glued to it, that he cannot escape. By this mode dozens of beautiful birds, of several species of the *Nectarinia*, or honey-sucking family, were brought to me almost daily, all alive and uninjured. The boys of the island of Kauai pursue a different and even more ingenious plan to effect the same object. They lay themselves flat upon their backs on the ground, and cover their whole body with bushes, and the *campanulate* flowers of which the birds are in search. One of these flowers is then held by the lower portion of the tube between the finger and thumb; the little bird inserts his long, curved bill to the base of the flower, when it is immediately seized by the fingers of the boy, and the little flutterer disappears beneath the mass of bushes.

I have mentioned that the natives of these islands were generally well-formed and graceful in their persons. This observation applies only to the common people, who use athletic exercise, and do not yield to the enervating influence of the climate. The chiefs are, almost without exception, enormously fat; women as well as men often weighing from 350 to 400 pounds! Indeed obesity is considered by them one of the greatest beauties; but it belongs, by immemorial right, exclusively to those of rank. If a plebeian individual should unfortunately, by indolence or excessive eating, become very fat, it is his duty to commence the process of reduction without loss of time; and if he should fail in his efforts, he finds it safest to pack up bag and baggage and retire to some other island where the eyes of royalty may not be pained by gazing on the counterfeit. The food of the islanders consists, principally, of an article called *Poe*, which is made by beating the baked roots of the Taro, (*Arum esculentum*) on a sort of wooden trencher, with a large oval stone. The mass so prepared is mixed with a small quantity of water, and set aside for several days to ferment, when it becomes sour, and is about the consistence of paper-hanger's paste. This, with fish, either raw or baked, constitutes almost the sole food of the common people. Give a Sandwich Islander plenty of poe, with a raw fish or two at each meal, and he asks for nothing more; deprive him of his dear-loved sour paste, and he loses his spirits and is miserable. The manner in which he takes his food is primitive enough. He seats himself cross-legged, upon the ground, with his calabash before him, and a fish and a little pile of salt on a wooden dish at his side. His first two fingers are inserted into the paste, and stirred round several times until enough adheres to coat them thickly, when they are carried by a quick motion to the mouth, which is open to receive them, and are sucked clean; a little pinch, with the fingers, is then taken of the fish, which is perhaps floundering beside him, followed by a similar pinch of salt, to season the whole repast. This sort of feeding may seem to your delicate readers as fit only for savages, but I can assure them I have made many a hearty meal from similar dishes, and found the fish, (when I had succeeded in ridding myself of the *idea* of rawness,) very palatable.

In order to favor the natural inclination to obesity, the chiefs use, in general, but little exercise, and eat enormously of the highly nutritive food before mentioned. They usually occupy about an hour at each meal, and at intervals of some fifteen minutes, the eating ceases, and an attendant approaches to perform the "*lomi-lomi*." This is the regular *kneading* process recommended, some few years since, with such good effect in cases of dyspepsia, by the then celebrated Dr. Halstead. After this operation has been performed, the patient resumes his task with renewed gusto, and it is astonishing what vast quantities of poe a fat native will imbibe in the course of an hour's eating. Even the King, and the royal family, although they dine sumptuously every day, can never be content to finish a meal without a dessert of poe. When strangers are present, their majesties take their paste delicately with a spoon, but when alone, and under no restraint, they dip their royal fingers into the dish *secundum artem*. The King, *Kauikeaouli* or *Tamehameha III*, as he is now most frequently called, was, at the time of my visit, only about twenty years of age; stout, active, and remarkably well formed, but evidently inclining, like all the chiefs, to unwieldy fatness. When I first paid my respects to him, he was sitting in his *office*, a small house which he occupied as a place for the transaction of business. He was reclining at his ease, clothed in a pair of common duck pantaloons and white jacket. He received me kindly; offered me a good Havana segar, and invited me to take a glass of wine with him. Subsequently I became intimate with his majesty; visited him frequently, and was admitted into the royal household as a friend. The King's palace is a large edifice, perhaps one hundred feet by sixty, standing in a great square, enclosed by a neat palisade fence, but without garden or any sort of decoration. The house is built in the native style, covered entirely with a heavy thatch of grass, which gives it the appearance, at a distance, of a large hay stack. It consists of but one room. The interior is beautifully carpeted with very fine matting, and large divans, composed of piles of matting, are numerous throughout the building.—There is no furniture, and the only ornaments it contains are several portraits, very well executed, representing old King Tamehameha, his son Rihoriho, and their Queens.

During one of my earlier visits to the palace, his majesty did me the honor to invite me to participate in a *lu au*, or pic-nic, in the lovely valley of *Nuano*, back of the town. This *lu-au* was got up at the expense of a number of the foreign residents; his majesty and suite were of course invited, as I was by them on the day following. This the King doubtless knew would be the case, but desired to show his kindness and condescension by being the first to bid me to the feast. On the following morning, (Saturday,) a cavalcade, consisting of fifty or sixty persons, among whom was the King, and a suite composed of eight or ten of his prime favorites, assembled in front of the palace, and at a signal from his majesty, we put our horses to the gallop, and went dashing at a tearing rate through the town, the King taking the lead on a splendid grey charger, which he controlled with infinite ease and grace. We never drew rein until we had ridden five miles up the valley of Nuano, when a halt was called. We all dismounted on a beautiful circular plain, surrounded by *Pandanus* and *Kou* trees, (*Cordia Sebestena*,) and having a beautiful cascade of clear, cold mountain water in the midst. We found here fifty or sixty natives who had been ordered to the spot early in the morning to groom our horses, prepare our repast, &c. Most of the party remained at the plain, but, as it yet wanted several hours to dinner time, I concluded to visit, with a party of foreigners, the great precipice, or *Pari*, three miles above. We accordingly remounted, and soon commenced the ascent towards the precipice. For the last two miles the climbing was toilsome and not a little dangerous. The soil was a sort of unctuous clay, rendered exceedingly slippery by recent rains; and large volcanic rocks were piled in the narrow bridle paths to a most inconvenient degree. We arrived at length, however, to within a few hundred yards of the *Pari*, where we left our horses in charge of several native boys, and proceeded on foot to the precipice. The wind was blowing a gale, so that it became necessary to remove our hats, and to bind handkerchiefs round our heads; and when we stood upon the cliff, some care was required to keep our footing, and to brace ourselves against the furious blast which was eddying around the summit. The *Pari* is an almost perpendicular precipice of about six hundred feet, composed of basaltic rock, with occasional strata of hard white clay. On the north is seen the fertile and beautiful valley of *Kolau*, with its neat little cottages, taro-patches and fields of sugar-cane, spread out before you like a picture; and beyond is the indented shore, with its high and pointed cliffs, margining the ocean as far as the eye can discern. Down this precipice, on the north side, is a sort of rude path, which the natives have constructed, and up this we saw a number of them toiling, clinging with their hands to the jutting crags above, to raise and support their bodies in the ascent. As they approached nearer to us, I was surprised to perceive that every man bore a burthen on his shoulder; some had large calabashes of poe, suspended one on each end of a long pole; and others carried living pigs, similarly suspended, by having their feet tied together, and the pole passed between them. The porkers, although hanging back downwards, in a position certainly not the most comfortable, did not complain of the treatment, until they were deposited on the summit, when they turned their pipes to a lusty squeal, and made amends for their former silence.

This spot is the scene of the last great battle of King Tamehameha, by which he acquired the sole and absolute sovereignty of the whole Sandwich group. The routed army of the petty island King was driven to take refuge among the wild crags of the *Pari*, and hither it was followed by the conquering forces of the invader. No quarter was shown. The fugitives were hunted like savage beasts, and, almost to a man, were hurled from the giddy height, and dashed to pieces on the frightful rocks below.

On returning to the plain, we found the preparations for dinner going bravely on, and, as the mountain riding and bracing air had given us an appetite, we cared not how soon it was dished up. In our absence, the natives had constructed a beautiful cottage, composed of interlaced branches of trees, covered with the broad green leaves of the *Ti** and *Pandanus*. The floor of this cottage was covered with *Ti* leaves, arranged tastefully in circles, which was to serve as our table-cloth. Near us the native cooks were as busy as bees, preparing our repast. Every thing was cooked in the native style, in pits dug in the ground, into which heated stones had been placed. The viands consisted of fat pigs, and fat dogs!—turkies, chickens, ham and fish, with vegetables of various kinds, taro, sweet potatoes, yams, bread, fruit, &c. Each pig and dog had a stone sewed up within him, around which had been wrapped a quantity of *Ti* leaves, which were eaten as greens, and were excellent. The whole of the cookery was, in fact, very superior, and would have delighted the most fastidious epicure in Christendom; except, possibly, the dogs, a delicacy which it requires some practice fully to appreciate. We had also various liquors; champagne, sherry, Madeira and Mountain Dew, and were waited upon by men and boys, with chaplets of green bound round their heads, and their persons profusely ornamented with the "fern and heather of their native vallies."

When the meats were removed, wine usurped the board; toasts were drank, and songs were sung, and all was hilarity and cheerfulness.

I have spoken of the dog forming one of the dainty dishes of our *lu-au* dinner. The very idea of eating a dog will, no doubt, shock the delicate nerves of many of your readers, but I can assure them that, when properly prepared, it is delicious food. The animals which the islanders select for the table, are confined like swine, for some months before they are slaughtered, during which time their sole food consists of poe. They eat this greedily, and in a short time become excessively fat. They are then tender and juicy, and, to my taste, very superior to a roasted pig. I should, however, prefer having them decapitated before they are served up, which would take from them at least a portion of their canine appearance. This the natives never do. They scorch or scald the hair off the animal, and cook it in the skin like a young pig. The dog is never bled, but their manner of killing it is barbarous in the highest degree. This is effected by tying a strong cord tightly around the muzzle of the poor animal, which suffocates it, and it dies in strong convulsions. A few days after my arrival in Oahu, while strolling alone through the town in the neighborhood of the King's palace, I saw a large fat dog lying on the ground, in convulsions, with a cord drawn tightly around its nose. Supposing that some cruel boys had been guilty of this barbarous wantonness, and perceiving that the poor animal had no chance of surviving even if the cord were loosened, as an act of mercy I seized a large stone lying near, and crushed its skull. In an instant a dozen natives, of both sexes, were down upon me, vociferating furiously altogether, and seeming very well disposed to make a hostile attack upon me. I could not comprehend a word they said, and it seemed likely that I was about to be involved in an awkward scrape, when a foreigner, to whom I had been introduced on my landing, fortunately happening to pass, appeased the enraged islanders, by explaining to them that I was a stranger, and ignorant of the customs of the country. I learned from him who had proved my friend in need, that this was the mode universally employed for slaughtering the edible dog, and, moreover, that the animal which I had so *disfigured* had been fattened expressly for the King, and was to have graced his table on that day.

Towards evening, the whole of the *lu au* party mounted their horses, and galloped down the valley into the town. As we entered the precincts, we formed ourselves into a battalion, and reined in our horses to a dignified trot, in order to pass a troop of gay native ladies, who were returning from a visit to the western part of the island. At the head of this equestrian cavalcade, I was surprised to observe the large person of Madame Kinau, (the sister of the King, and Queen Regent during his minority, a young lady weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds,) sitting astride upon a noble steed, which evidently made an effort to curvet and appear proud of its queenly burthen.

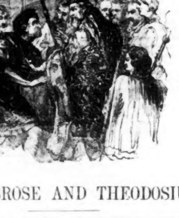
CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

* This is a shrub about five feet in height. It has a broad, lanceolate leaf, about three feet in length, and eight inches in breadth at the base, of a rich dark green color, and polished surface. It has a long, thick root, from which the natives distil a sweet, intoxicating drink, which they call *Ava*.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS, OR FROSTED FEET.—Mix, in a glass vial, a quarter of an ounce of pure muriatic acid, with two ounces of water. Wet a piece of sponge, or soft cloth, with the liquid, and gently bathe the parts that have been frozen. Let it dry on, and wrap the feet in bandages, or draw on a pair of old stockings to keep the bed linen from contact with the acid, which will drop into holes wherever it is touched by it. This speedily cools the inflammation, allays the intensely painful itching, and when the frost is not very deep, it cures by a few applications.

When the chilblains are of long standing, and the skin has cracked, or when sores are formed, the first two or three bathings are apt to cause a smarting pain that is somewhat discouraging to persons unacquainted with the virtues of this simple remedy, but if they will persevere they will be rewarded by a complete cure.—*American Agriculturist.*

Our Picture Gallery.



ST. AMBROSE AND THEODOSIUS.

The Emperor Theodosius, while at Milan, was informed that the Thessalonians, being refused a very unreasonable request, had raised a tumult, in which Botherius, commander of the horse in Illyricum, and several others, were killed. He commanded the soldiers to be let loose upon them as a punishment. Ambrose, who was then Bishop of Milan, hearing this, went immediately to Theodosius, and pleaded so effectually that he promised the affair should be entirely passed over. After his departure, however, the officers of the court persuaded the Emperor to put his former design into execution; and the people being invited to the circus, on pretence of witnessing some public sports, the soldiers rushed in amongst them, and destroyed near seven thousand, the innocent as well as the guilty.

Ambrose expostulated by letter with the Emperor concerning this base conduct; telling him that he must publicly repent before he could be admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper; and on his return to Milan, when he came to the door of the church, Ambrose forbade him to enter.

The Emperor, confounded at the reproof which accompanied the refusal of the Bishop mentioned, by way of extenuation, the case of David in the matter of Uriah; to which Ambrose replied, "Him whom you have followed in the sin, imitate also in the repentance."—Theodosius, convinced of the heinousness of his crime, returned to his palace, and passed eight months in sorrow and lamentations, wearing a mourning dress. When Christmas was at hand, he burst into tears before Ruffinus, the comptroller of his palace, who inquiring the reason of this agony, he replied, "Thou little knowest the trouble which I feel: servants and beggars may go freely to the house of God, and pour out their prayers, while its doors, and consequently the gates of heaven are shut against me." Ruffinus answered, "With your leave, I will go to the Bishop, and pray him to release the sentence." "No," said the Emperor; "I know the justice of it, and you will be unable to persuade Ambrose to disobey the commands of God out of respect to the imperial dignity." Ruffinus went to Ambrose, and entreated him, saying that the Emperor would shortly come himself. Ambrose answered, "I tell you plainly, that I shall forbid him entrance; and if he thinks proper to use force, I am ready to meet any death he may allot me." Ruffinus sent a messenger to acquaint the Emperor with the Bishop's resolution, to prevent his coming; but being on the way before he received the information, he replied, "I will go, and undergo the shame which I have so justly deserved." Being come near to the church, and addressing himself to Ambrose, who sat in a room hard by, he requested absolution. The Bishop answered, "Your coming hither is fighting against God, and trampling His laws under foot." Theodosius replied, "I do not wish to enter the holy doors contrary to law; I only desire to be released from the excommunication; and that you would consider and imitate the compassion of our Lord, and not shut those gates which He has opened to all penitents." The Bishop then asked what signs of repentance he had shown? He answered, "It is your duty to prescribe, mine to submit!" Ambrose replied, "Since you have let loose the reins to your rage, let a law be enacted, that all decrees made in haste, and under the influence of anger, be cancelled; that all warrants where life or loss of estate is concerned, be kept thirty days after signing, before they are executed, to give time for deliberation; and after that, let those who drew up such warrant, present it to you again, that the case may be considered." The Emperor agreeing, was immediately absolved, and entering the church, fell prostrate on the ground, crying out, "My soul cleaveth to the dust; quicken me, oh Lord, according to Thy word." Tearing his hair, and beating his forehead, he then begged pardon of God and all good men.—On his return to Constantinople, he told Nectarius the Bishop, "that it was with much difficulty he had found a teacher of the truth; Ambrose being the only person he ever saw who deserved the name of a Bishop."

Romance of History.

THE MARQUIS IN PETTICOATS.

(THE OUTLINE FROM A FRENCH MEMOIR.)

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I introduce you at once to the Marquis de la Chetardie—a diplomatist who figured largely in the gay age of Louis XV.—and the story is but one of the illuminated pages of the dark book of diplomacy.

Charles de la Chetardie appeared for the first time to the eyes of the king at a masquerade ball, given at Versailles, under the auspices of *la belle* Pompadour. He was dressed as a young lady of high rank, making her *debut*; and, so perfect was his acting, and the deception altogether, that Louis became enamored of the disguised Marquis, and violently excited the jealousy of "Madame," by his amorous attentions. An *eclaircissement*, of course, took place, and the result was a great partiality for the Marquis's society, and his subsequent employment, in and out of petticoats, in many a scheme of state diplomacy and royal amusement.

La Chetardie was at this time just eighteen. He was very slight, and had remarkably small hands and feet, and the radiant fairness of his skin and the luxuriant softness of his profuse chesnut curls, might justly have been the envy of the most delicate woman. He was, at first, subjected to some ridicule for his effeminacy, but the merry courtiers were soon made aware, that, under this velvet fragility lay concealed the strength and ferocity of the tiger. The grasp of his small hand was like an iron vice, and his singular activity, and the cool courage which afterward gave him a brilliant career on the battle field, established him, in a very short time, as the most formidable swordsman of the court. His ferocity, however, lay deeply concealed in his character, and, unprovoked, he was the gayest and most brilliant of merry companions.

This was the age of occult and treacherous diplomacy, and the court of Russia, where Louis would fain have exercised an influence (private as well as political in its results) was guarded by an implacable Argus, in the person of the Prime Minister, Bestucheff. Aided by Sir Hambury Williams, the English Ambassador, one of the craftiest men of that crafty period, he had succeeded for some years in defeating every attempt at access to the imperial ear by the secret emissaries of France. The sudden appearance of La Chetardie, his cool self-command, and his successful personation of a female, suggested a new hope to the king, however; and, called to Versailles by royal mandate, the young Marquis was taken into cabinet confidence, and a secret mission to St. Petersburgh, in petticoats, proposed to him and accepted.

With his instructions and secret despatches stitched into his corsets, and under the ostensible protection of a scientific man, who was to present him to the tzarine as a Mademoiselle de Beaumont, desirous of entering the service of Elizabeth, the Marquis reached St. Petersburgh without accident or adventure. The young lady's guardian requested an audience through Bestucheff, and having delivered the open letters recommending her for her accomplishments to the imperial protection, he begged leave to continue on his scientific tour to the central regions of Russia.

Congé was immediately granted, and on the disappearance of the *savant*, and before the departure of Bestucheff, the tzarine threw off all ceremony, and pinching the cheeks and imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the beautiful stranger, appointed her, by one of those sudden whims of preference against which her ministers had so much trouble to guard, *lectrice intime et particulière*—in short, confidential personal attendant. The blushes of the confused Marquis, who was unprepared for so affectionate a reception, served rather to heighten the disguise, and old Bestucheff bowed himself out with a compliment to the beauty of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, veiled in a diplomatic congratulation to her imperial mistress.

Elizabeth was forty and a little *passée*, but she still had pretensions, and was particularly fond of beauty in her attendants, female as well as male. Her favorite, of her personal *suite*, at the time of the arrival of the Marquis, was an exquisite little creature who had been sent to her, as a compliment to this particular taste, by the Duchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz—a kind of German "Fenella," or "Mignon," by the name of Nadege Stein. Not much below the middle size, Nadege was a model of symmetrical proportion, and of very extraordinary beauty. She had been carefully educated for her present situation and was highly accomplished; a fine reader, and a singularly sweet musician and dancer. The tzarine's passion for this lovely attendant was excessive, and the arrival of a new favorite of the same sex was looked upon with some pleasure by the eclipsed remainder of the palace idlers.

Elizabeth summoned Nadege, and committed Mademoiselle de Beaumont temporarily to her charge; but the same mysterious magnetism which had reached the heart of the tzarine, seemed to kindle, quite as promptly, the affections of her attendant. Nadege was no sooner alone with her new friend, than she jumped to her neck, smothered her with kisses, called her by every endearing epithet, and overwhelmed her with questions, mingled with the most childlike exclamations of wonder at her own inexplicable love for a stranger. In an hour, she had shown to the new demoiselle all the contents of the little boudoir in which she lived; talked to her of her loves and hates at the Russian court; of her home in Mecklenberg, and her present situation—in short, poured out her heart with the *naif abandon* of a child. The young Marquis had never seen so lovely a creature; and, responsibly as he felt his difficult and delicate situation, he returned the affection so innocently lavished upon him, and by the end of this first fatal hour, was irrecoverably in love. And, gay as his life had been at the French court, it was the first, and subsequently proved to be the deepest, passion of his life.

On the tzarine's return to her private apartment, she summoned her new favorite, and superintended, with condescending solicitude, the arrangements for her palace lodging. Nadege inhabited a small tower adjoining the bed-room of her mistress, and above this was an unoccupied room, which, at the present suggestion of the fairy little attendant, was allotted to the new-comer. The staircase opened by one door into the private gardens, and by the opposite, into the corridor leading immediately to the imperial chamber. The Marquis's delicacy would fain have made some objection to this very intimate location; but he could hazard nothing against the interests of his sovereign, and he trusted to a speedy termination of his disguise with the attainment of his object. Meantime, the close neighborhood of the fair Nadege was not the most intolerable of necessities.

The Marquis's task was a very difficult one. He was instructed, before abandoning his disguise and delivering his secret despatches, to awaken the interest of the tzarine on the two subjects to which the documents had reference; viz: a former partiality of her Majesty for Louis, and a formerly discussed project of seating the Prince de Conti on the throne of Poland. Bestucheff had so long succeeded in cutting off all approach of these topics to the ear of the tzarine, that her Majesty had probably forgotten them altogether.

Weeks passed, and the opportunities to broach these delicate subjects had been inauspiciously rare. Mademoiselle de Beaumont, it is true, had completely eclipsed the favorite Nadege; and Elizabeth, in her hours of relaxation from state affairs, exacted the constant attendance of the new favorite in her private apartments. But the almost constant presence of some other of the maids of honor opposed continual obstacles and interruptions, and the tzarine herself was not always disposed to talk of matters more serious than the current trifles of the hour. She was extremely indolent in her personal habits; and often reclining at length upon cushions on the floor of her boudoir, she laid her imperial head in the lap of the embarrassed demoiselle, and was soothed to sleep by reading and the bathing of her temples. And during this period, she exacted frequently of the Marquis, with a kind of instinctive mistrust, promises of continuance for life in her personal service.

But there were sweeter hours for the enamored La Chetardie than those passed in the presence of his partial and imperial mistress. Encircled by sentinels, and guarded from all intrusion of other eyes, in the inviolable sanctuary of royalty, the beautiful Nadege, impassioned she knew not why, in her love for her new companion, was ever within call, and happy in devoting to him all her faculties of caressing endearment. He had not yet dared to risk the interests of his sovereign by a disclosure of his sex, even in the confidence of love. He could not trust Nadege to play so difficult a part as that of possessor of so embarrassing a secret in the presence of the shrewd and observing tzarine. A betrayal, too, would at once put an end to his happiness. With the slight arm of the fair and relying creature about his waist, and her head pressed close against his breast, they passed the balmy nights of the Russian summer in pacing the flowery alleys of the imperial garden, discoursing, with but one reserve, on every subject that floated to their lips. It required, however, all the self-control of La Chetardie, and all the favoring darkness of the night, to conceal his smiles at the naive confessions of the unconscious girl, and her wonderings at the peculiarity of her feelings. She had thought, hitherto, that there were affections in her nature which could only be called forth by a lover. Yet now, the thought of caressing another than her friend—of repeating to any human ear, least of all to a man, these new-born vows of love—filled her with alarm and horror. She felt that she had given her heart irrevocably away—and to a woman! Ah, with what delirious, though silent passion, La Chetardie drew her to his bosom, and, with the pressure of his lips upon hers, interrupted those sweet confessions!

Yet the time at last drew near for the waking from this celestial dream. The disguised diplomatist had found his opportunity, and had successfully awakened in Elizabeth's mind both curiosity and interest as to the subjects of the despatches still sewed safely in his corsets. There remained nothing for him now but to seize a favorable opportunity, and, with the delivery of his missive, to declare his sex to the tzarine. There was risk to life and liberty in this, but the Marquis knew not fear, and he thought but of its consequences to his love.

In La Chetardie's last interview with the *savant* who conducted him to Russia, his male attire had been successfully transferred from one portmanteau to the other, and it was now in his possession, ready for the moment of need. With his plans brought to within a single night of the *denouement*, he parted from the tzarine, having asked the imperial permission for an hour's private interview on the morrow, and with gentle force excluding Nadege from his apartment, he dressed himself in his proper costume, and cut open the warm envelope of his despatches. This done, he threw his cloak over him, and with a dark lantern in his hand, sought Nadege in the garden. He had determined to disclose himself to her, renew his vows of love in his proper guise, and arrange, while he had access and opportunity, some means for uniting their destinies hereafter.

As he opened the door of the turret, Nadege flew up the stair to meet him, and observing the cloak in the faint glimmer of the stars, she playfully endeavored to envelope herself in it. But, seizing her hands, La Chetardie turned and glided backward, drawing her after him toward a small pavilion in the remoter part of the garden. Here they had never been interrupted, the Empress alone having the power to intrude upon them, and La Chetardie felt safe in devoting this place and time to the double disclosure of his secret and his suppressed passion.

Persuading her with difficulty to desist from putting her arms about him, and sit down without a caress, he retreated a few steps, and in the darkness of the pavilion, shook down his imprisoned locks to their masculine *abandon*, threw off his cloak, and drew up the blind of his lantern. The scream of surprise which instantly parted from the lips of Nadege, made him regret its imprudence in not having prepared her for the transformation; but her second thought was mirth, for she could believe it of course to be nothing but a playful masquerade; and with delighted laughter she sprang to his neck, and overwhelmed him with her kisses—another voice, however, joining very unexpectedly in the laughter!

The Empress stood before them!

For an instant, with all his self-possession, La Chetardie was confounded and dismayed. Siberia, the knout, the scaffold, flitted before his eyes, and Nadege was the sufferer! But a glance at the face of the tzarine re-assured him. She, too, took it for a girlish masquerade!

But the Empress, unfortunately, was not disposed to have a partner in her enjoyment of the society of this new apparition of "hose and doublet." She ordered Nadege to her turret, with one of those petulant commands which her attendants understood to admit of no delay, and while the eclipsed favorite disappeared with the tears of unwilling submission in her soft eyes, La Chetardie looked after her with the anguish of eternal separation at his heart, for a presentiment crowded irresistibly upon him that he should never see her more!

The Empress was in slippers and *robe de nuit*, and, as if fate had determined that this well-kept secret should not survive the hour her Majesty laid her arm within that of her supposed masquerader, and led the way to the palace. She was wakeful, and wished to be read to sleep. And, with many a compliment to the beauty of her favorite in male attire, and many a playful caress, she arrived at the door of her chamber.

But the Marquis could go no farther. He had hitherto been spared the embarrassment of passing this sacred threshold, for the *passée* Empress had secrets of toilet for the embellishment of her person, which she trusted only to the eyes of an antiquated attendant. La Chetardie had never passed beyond the boudoir which was between the antechamber and the bedroom, and the time had come for the disclosure of his secret. He fell on his knees and announced himself a man!

Fortunately they were alone. Incredulous at first, the Empress listened to his asseverations, however, with more amusement than displeasure, and the immediate delivery of the despatches, with the commendations of the disguised ambassador by his royal master to the forgiveness and kindness of the Empress, amply secured his pardon. But it was on condition that he should resume his disguise and remain in her service.

Alone in his tower (for Nadege had disappeared, and he knew enough of the cruelty of Elizabeth to dread the consequences to the poor girl of venturing on direct inquiries as to her fate,) La Chetardie after a few weeks fell ill; and fortunate, even at this price, to escape from the silken fetters of the enamored tzarine, he departed under the care of the imperial physician, for the more genial climate of France—not without reiterated promises of return, however, and offers, in that event, of unlimited wealth and advancement.

But, as the Marquis made his way slowly toward Vienna, a gleam of light dawned on his sadness. The Princess Sophia Charlotte was newly affianced to George the Third of England, and this daughter of the house of Mecklenberg had been the playmate of Nadege Stein, from infancy till the time when Nadege was sent to the tzarine by the Duchess of Mecklenberg. Making a confidant of the kind physician who accompanied him, La Chetardie was confirmed, by the good man's better experience and knowledge, in the belief that Nadege had shared the same fate of every female of the court who had ever awakened the jealousy of the Empress. She was doubtless exiled to Siberia; but, as she had committed no voluntary fault, it was probably without other punishment; and, with a playmate on the throne of England, she might be demanded and recovered ere long, in all her freshness and beauty. Yet the recent fate of the fair Eudoxie Lapoukin, who, for an offence but little more distasteful to the tzarine, had been pierced through the tongue, with hot iron, whipped with the knout, and exiled for life to Siberia, hung like a cloud of evil augury over his mind.

The Marquis suddenly determined that he would see the affianced Princess, and plead with her for her friend, before the splendors of a throne should make her inaccessible. The excitement of this hope had given him new life, and he easily persuaded his attendant, as they entered the gates of Vienna, that he required his attendance no farther. Alone with his own servants, he resumed his female attire, and directed his course to Mecklenberg Strelitz.

The Princess had maintained an intimate correspondence with her playmate up to the time of her betrothal, and the name of Mademoiselle de Beaumont was passport enough. La Chetardie had sent forward his servant, on arriving at the town, in the neighborhood of the ducal residence, and the reply to his missive was brought back by one of the officers in attendance, with orders to conduct the demoiselle to apartments in the castle. He was received with all honor at the palace-gate by a chamberlain in waiting, who led the way to a suite of rooms adjoining those of the Princess, where, after being left alone for a few minutes, he was familiarly visited by the betrothed girl, and overwhelmed, as formerly by her friend, with most embarrassing caresses. In the next moment, however, the door was hastily flung open, and Nadege, like a stream of light, fled through the room, hung upon the neck of the speechless and overjoyed Marquis, and ended with convulsions of mingled tears and laughter. The moment that he could disengage himself from her arms, La Chetardie requested to be left for a moment alone. He felt the danger and impropriety of longer maintaining his disguise. He closed his door on the unwilling demoiselles, hastily changed his dress, and, with his sword at his side, entered the adjoining reception-room of the Princess, where Mademoiselle de Beaumont was impatiently awaited.

The scene which followed, the mingled confusion and joy of Nadege, the subsequent hilarity and masquerading at the castle, and the particulars of the marriage of the Marquis de la Chetardie to his fair fellow maid-of-honor, must be left to the reader's imagination. We have room only to explain the re-appearance of Nadege at Mecklenberg.

Nadege retired to her turret at the imperative command of the Empress, sad and troubled; but waited wakefully and anxiously for the re-entrance of her disguised companion. In the course of an hour, however, the sound of a sentinel's musket, set down at her door, informed her that she was a prisoner. She knew Elizabeth, and the Duchess of Mecklenberg, with an equal knowledge of the tzarine's character, had provided her with a resource against the imperial cruelty, should she have occasion to use it. She crept to the battlements of the tower, and fastened a handkerchief to the side looking over the public square.

The following morning, at daylight, Nadege was summoned to prepare for a journey, and, in an hour, she was led between soldiers to a carriage at the palace-gate, and departed by the northern egress of the city, with a guard of three mounted Cossacks. In two hours from that time, the carriage was overtaken, the guard overpowered, and the horses' heads turned in the direction of Moscow. After many difficulties and dangers, during which she found herself under the charge of a Mecklenbergian officer in the service of the tzarine, she reached Vienna in safety, and was immediately concealed by her friends in the neighborhood of the palace at Mecklenberg, to remain hidden till inquiry should be over. The arrival of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, for the loss of whose life or liberty she had incessantly wept with dread and apprehension, was joyfully communicated to her by her friends; and so the reader knows some of the passages in the early life of the far-famed beauty in the French court in the time of Louis XV.—the Marchioness de la Chetardie.

Selected Articles.

IMPORTANT TESTS.

A celebrated historian has observed that no instance has been recorded in which an enemy ventured to ford a river, in front of an enemy, without coming off victorious. If this be true, it may, in a great measure, be accounted for, not only by the bravery which such a movement indicates, but by the resistless impetus which the effort itself imparts. It seems, indeed, in the usual course of Providence, that all important discoveries, all great undertakings for the advancement of science or the benefit of mankind, should pass through some medium of discouragement before they make their way to an established position in the world. And this is wisely ordered. It puts the genuineness of new plans and systems to a test. It secures society from being overcharged with novelties, perplexed with crude inventions and idle theories. All such schemes are met, at first, by an opposition which tries their strength. They have to pass through an ordeal of resistance, through which, without intrinsic energy, they cannot force their way. And thus, what is spurious and abortive perishes in the birth; it dies by its own exhaustion, and thereby saves society the trouble of examining its claims, and relieves public opinion from the pains of becoming its executioner.

This may explain to us, in a measure, why it is that we have been placed in this system of things around us; why an immortal spirit should be destined to pass through such a medium as this world in its progress to eternity. It is to put it to the very test which I have already described. It is that the society of the blessed above may consist of none but genuine members, faithful souls, loyal spirits, soldiers who have fought a good fight, have borne the cross and won the crown. "These are they," says the elder to St. John, "which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 14.) What, then, is that which the Scripture emphatically styles "the world"? It is, as it were, a web of sin and vanity woven by Satan himself. And this web is spread across the road which leads from earth to heaven, to catch, to entangle, and to destroy the souls which would pass from hence to a better country. But what he intends for destruction, God overrules for needful and salutary probation. This dense and resisting medium is the great instrument of our trial. It stands between us and the land of inheritance which lies before us: and pass through it we must, if we would reach that blessed country. But do all succeed in the attempt? Do all even make the effort? Alas, no! The far greater part yield to the resistance, and with contented indolence lie entangled in the web, and perish in the snare. Thus does this world present to the eyes of invisible spectators a ghastly sight, like that of the insect's web; a texture rich in spoils, set thick, and teeming with the dying and the dead.

A few there are, however, and have been in all ages, who have sought and found deliverance; a few chosen spirits of ethereal mould; a band of conquerors who have held on their way and forced a passage. They have come out, through this dark cloud, into the light of everlasting life, amidst the shout of angels, amidst the acclamations of their fellow soldiers, who have trod the victor's path before them. Oh, may we one day be united to this faithful band, and be enrolled amongst the heroes of the cross! We are now, as "all our fathers were, under the cloud; and all are passing through the sea." The snares of the world, the toils of Satan, are all around us, and his net is spread before us. Let us, then, "quit ourselves like men." Let us be faithful unto death. Let us march on, and we shall soon be through; we shall soon be on the other side; we shall soon be out in the sunshine of eternity, in the open air of heaven, and in the light of cloudless day.—*Rev. Henry Woodward, M. A.*

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child five years old, "Mary, you are not good for any thing."

"Yes I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for, pray tell me, my dear?"

"*I am good to love you, father,*" replied she, at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Blessed child! may your life ever be an expression of that early-felt instinct of love. The highest good you or any other mortal can confer, is, to live in the full exercise of your affection.—*Boston Rambler.*

☞ How small a thing is father to the greater. A blade of grass takes fire, and the prairies are burnt to the horizon.

Selected Sketch.

THE PERIL OF A BUTTON.

THE HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The music is continued; it even sets the old Dutch clock-tr logs in motion, and they think of years. The bugaboo comes out, looks about him, counts the money, thrusts the closest clerks; in a moment all is darkness, and the lamp is extinguished by a whiskey-drinker's nose, who has a very red one. Everything is in confusion; the bugaboo is off with his booty, without knowing her to be a very much better to himself for it.

They shout in the dark and part again. Holger cannot part at this moment. Clara has promised him her hand in the dark room, and yet he is the last that arrives. But we must know the meeting. Clara and Holger have not had opportunity to be in conversation with one of the Princes, who lands here in the dance. Frederick stands not far from her, in a blue velvet court-dress, with gold diamond trimmings. He never happy when he is away with her, without knowing her to be a very much better to himself for it.

They shout in the dark and part again. Holger cannot part at this moment. Clara has promised him her hand in the dark room, and yet he is the last that arrives. But we must know the meeting. Clara and Holger have not had opportunity to be in conversation with one of the Princes, who lands here in the dance. Frederick stands not far from her, in a blue velvet court-dress, with gold diamond trimmings. He never happy when he is away with her, without knowing her to be a very much better to himself for it.

The red, gold-embroidered-coat ate well—the right honourable treasurer was made to attend him. Holger is enthusiastic, he dances to the knees it. This is the first uniform he has ever worn; it is the first ball he has attended—except one that of heaven by night of birth—and Clara has already discovered him, smiled to him. He is much youthful spirit and happiness can one heart and feel pleas for.

Count Frederick, on the contrary, appears all at once to be quite disenchanted. The ball bore him; Clara's smile is not pleasant, and she can see home him for the him. "I was engaged to dance with you," he she said, and he is quite right in the matter of feeling, thought Count Frederick; "and now she dances with Holger!"

They are a handsome couple, and they are so. Clara is the finest in the room, and all the world would it see—all the rest only agree around us!" is it Clara's smile, is it the music, or the new uniform that is so well, or perhaps all three, that have their influence? At this moment it is clear to Holger, as it was plain to him that he loves Clara—that he must tell her so—that he would dance with her through life—that there is no secure, no entrance, no death.

They now retire to a saloon—the champagne explodes. Holger is happy as a god—courageous and gay—and he again enters the ball-room with Clara. The beautiful is a wonderful ball. The ball is ended, she must know his feelings—know that he loves her—that this is the first, all-powerful love! Here I this moment, and he has a will that must be acknowledged; and at this moment Frederick approaches, and begs for a turn with her. Clara declin is meditating if he shall or if he shall not, Alice Clara in-observer at this point the great pledge party to Believes. The music of the dance is, to the low-spirited wretch, like surging waves, that make his spirit still more a wretch; but the glad and happy they only lift still higher. Clara had quite forgotten Herman's amusing, genial picture—forgotten Frederick's lively chatter of harm-ess wife which had before lis tened to with so much delight. Holger is the best dancer—the most attentive of all—the most amiable. In the dance, which is the last, he is the lead her out.

With the whole expression of a happy being in his eyes and mine, he stands before Clara, his blood and thoughts like champagne; he loves her; with a glance he would have revealed a full tale that lay in his mind, and then—is there anger at words? One word—but—it does not accompanied by an invisible, good or bad? At the moment that Holger utters these words—and they are already commenced; his movements are bound; his words are no longer heard; something of importance has happened; his whole thoughts are divided between Clara and—copy, it would need too terrible to pronounce the word suicide!

The next canoe have the greatest effects. Holger no longer moves or hears; he even returns proprietorless.

This night he will not propose. Clara still calls the Frederick, for Herman, for him whom she can know—for anybody. In the midst of Bertha's brightest moments, on the eve of love's most overwhelming happiness, Clara can think of him who is in the same situation, knows the agony with which a man loses all his moral courage at such a moment—and this Holger lost; the day before he had been the happiest of men, and now he was wretched; and we know that Clara was with an anxious look. The thought strikes her—the signal thought—it is not what it can drunk too much champagne, and the hale around is extinguished! She knows not what injustice she does him; her eloquence becomes mute; she intentionally avoid Count Frederick; her eye meets him; it is as if he smiled, as if he understood her position; institution is renewed, she inclines not Frederick. Holger passes behind the window curtain for a moment, and makes his appearance again; but he is no longer the same man. The whole affair has been the most unfortunate, but most innocent situation at a ball, that ever happened. It is reality's pencil prose that has overwhelmed him. It were in the ball-room, it is the cousin to say, "it is a la lune bottom," that is to lose his hand; and Holger has lost a bottom, and with that his hand. The house-bottom has come of his right hand—became unexpressible! Now the word a cut, and now we can conceive his sudden thinking, the forced department, the distracted thoughts and the unconsciousness. With that bottom he lost his courage and happiness and Clara's rapture. She accepted Frederick's invitation, and they both drove the next day in the same carriage to the ball-house. The train, consisting of forty-seven sledges, went from Amalienborg, the royal residence of princes, diplomatists and young noblemen formed the cortege. The bells tinkled, the carriages note fluttered over the horses' backs, and the whips cracked. Frederick, in a bear-skin cloak, with cock-hat boots and fur cap, and Clara in her sledge, and they were soon out of the city. The cares flew over the white snow—nay, new—they were out groats in his own way. Where the snow was deepest, there were the drifts were upset. It was like play. It was a little adventure, and was a splendid trip. "It is an important trip," said the scientific lady. And why?

The same evening Frederick wrote to his friend that he loved Clara—that she had accepted him—and that her excellent mother had no objections to the match, provided his father consented to.

"That button?" said Holger, when he heard it, "that—button is the cause of the whole!" and he left into deep musing.

The ballroom, as a winter's forenoon, after a ball, is an uncomfortable place; its lustre is extinguished, the music is mute, all the fresh joys of youth and beauty are gone; the candles are burnt down, the candles are burnt down in the sconces, the lees vial, and cool; the lights are reflected in mosaic, in like memories, and point to a life that was.

Then it looked, next morning, in the royal ballroom. In the middle of the floor there lay a shining button, with the crowns swept away. That button it was that caused Holger's misfortune, and it lay there still—cold, uncomfortable, as a monument to a bottom.

THE MORMON TEMPLE.

By a letter received from P. W. Cook, who left Council Bluff last Spring for the Salt Lake, dated Aug. 3rd, written while encamped on the Sweet Water River at the foot of the South Pass, we get information which may not be uninteresting. The new Mormon Temple at the Salt Lake, is to be a splendid building. The enclose is 17 rods long and 13 miles wide, with a wall well 8 feet high and four feet thick. There are to be 9 entire inside. They have discovered mountain rock that resembles the purest marble, and the writer says is beautiful for temples and pillars. The size of the temple is not stated, but its highest point is to be 160 feet, and will be seen eighty miles either way. The party that went out last summer, lost many of their cows—frog fled with what they called the "cowal fever." Many of the Mormon tribes were dying off very strongly—the emigrated with afraid, that they dare not leave their cattle dead. On the shores of many of the lakes, a crust is formed so that a horse will not break. To break up this crust, scrape off the dirt on the bottom and top, and boil it over an oven-fire. Soap so this may seem, into nevertheless true, and the writer confirms it as a short time. It consists of mountain of pure rock salt has been discovered near the Mormon settlement. The Mormons have discovered a gold mine of 100 miles in length, North from the Salt Lake. The last end of the journey to the Salt Lake, say 500 miles, is strewed with little fatigue. Nearly all the way the roads are as good as on any prairie in Michigan. The writer has the living on the most of beans, potatoes and fish—nuisance are very numerous on the route. He recommends male teams instead of oxen, and that cows be driven along for their milk, and for food if necessary.

[27] "What have you got there, Ike?" "I got a bean." "That ain't a bean, it's nothing but a shoulder." "It's a bean, I tell you, but not an olive bean."

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

While, in a late number of the "Home Journal," has the following remarks upon the forthcoming Readings of Mrs. Butler:

"The office-seeker of magnetic control might well take a hint from the physiologist and phrenologist, in all occasions of the highest range at human beings, and it is only by the laws of the one that the mind-ed-ucation of Mrs. Butler's audiences upon others can be accomplished. When she enters the room the general recognition of an eminently powerful nature is immediate, and this, of course, excites the interest of the audience, and the consequent attention becomes interesting, as subsequent interest from the natural sympathetic relations which she takes subsequently, conflicted considerations of the mind and the will are at once brought into harmonious adaptation, and the voice and manner. Nature has furnished the warrant for this in a proportionate development—the large organs of language and the moral faculties—an inference felt as readily by the audience as by the phrenologist, and so with —and which explains, probably, Mrs. Butler's control over audiences, as it does the extraordinary and positive hostility of those who take other against her. No one could listen to her and not feel her fire mission, without knowing her to be a very much better to herself for it.

THE SHIELDS DEBATE.

The recent long debate in the United States Senate upon the question of the eligibility of Gen. Shields, was not calculated to impress the public with a very high sense of the intellectual qualifications of certain members of that august body. The question was on simple, and the duty of the Senate so plain, that it is wonderful a decision was not come to at once without even the minutest debate. The only question for them to decide was whether or not to do with the question—if it were a West-ington, the Constitution should not be violated in the be-ginning. It is true that the framers of the Constitution were implicitly requested that it should be construed by no tribunal but by the people of the fects, without fear, favor or aberration. Now this is a plain-ble Constitution says:

"No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that State for which he shall be chosen."

The facts ascertained beyond doubt were these: Gen. Shields was naturalized in the 5th day of October, 1840, and will not have been a citizen of the United States for nine years till the 5th day of October, 1849. And yet in the face of so clear a case, the Senate, or rather certain members of it, debated, "first that the people of the State of Illinois is assisted by James K. Whipple, William H. Wall, D. T. Lynch, John R. Wall, D. T. Lynch, John R. Wall, D. T. Lynch, John R

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

THE GOLD REGION.

Address of the Irish of Downieville to be received from San Francisco. Emigrants were flocking in by the thousand, and it appeared that by next August, 150,000 persons would have entered California. The cost voucher had for the time checked the flow of gold, but not of men, but almost every one not engaged in gold digging was by supplying to the miners of the Spring. The last was the coldest winter known in California for fifty years.

One hundred thousand bushels of wheat had rotted in California, for want of persons to gather it.

At San Francisco real estate had advanced five hundred per cent. within twelve months; in the hundred which formed it had fallen forty per cent.

Provisions were very plentiful, and were rattling in price.

As to the results of gold digging, accounts vary to much as ever. One writer says: "Parties can easily obtain from $10 to $100 per day, and report that I have seen obtained as high as $300 per day." Another says: "We learn that some persons were averaging from $10 to $20 per day, but the majority from sixty to ninety days through' did not make $15 per day." Another writer, under date of Dec. 22nd, tells the following story:

Mr. ——, formerly of Philadelphia, informed me that two of the servants left him when the news from the mines first arrived. They have just returned with $15,000. Capt. H——, of the Navy, who arrived last evening, informed me that Lieut. ——, whose locality which has been located, where gold is so abundant that there is no necessity for washing the sand: $1000 per day is the amount obtained by each man. Both Lieuts. and Capt. H—— are men, and have sold at the mines for $50 each.

Mr. ——, a passenger in the steamer of a New York house, and or date of Dec. 1st, tells the old tale of the ease and no private of food, &c., at the mines, and winds up with the following account of his own doings: "The cargo I brought from —— cost $9,000. This, you will perceive, is nine times has been $31,000. My partner came with two carts, and we have cleared over $20,000."

We advise any of our readers who may be going to California, to make tracks direct for that place where "the gal is who washes the dishes" and not be necessity for washing the earth, and $100 a day is too unusual calculation. Many will make a very great deal better than standing in the water up to your knees, and shaking for gold, and with the ague, at the end of some fifty days.

CONGRESSIONAL.

A large portion of the time of the Senate since our last report has been taken up with questions and speeches relative to Gen. Shields. On the 16th, however, the original resolution of the Select Committee, modified by the action of Mr. Calhoun's, day and the Gen. Shields was indisputable, was finally agreed to by the Senate, and a number of appointments have been confirmed all of court-martial.

DEATH OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 176—adults 63, and children 73.

A Prairie Sketch.

THE LOST MAN.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.

An unfortunate trader once strayed from his companions, and the last time they saw him he was on the low-west verge of starvation. It was years ago, but the story has been told at many a camp fire since among the old traders, and has never before, to our knowledge, fallen in the way of a scribbler.

The man was a young fellow of spirit, and in summer whenever, oppressed to desperation with the smell of water, while the sweat was running and dragging slowly along the dreary and heated prairie. Making his way on one occasion in a day that appeared no very tedious distance, he was fortunate enough to find a small cool spring gushing out right at the bottom of a deep ravine not very far below.

The fresh water, the cool shade of the stony rock and the trees above, together with the knowledge that the day's journey was nearly at an end, determined the poor fellow to yield to his weariness and suffer his men to go on with the wagon, while he, the gray of evening was creeping across the prairie, and rushing up from the hollow, his eyes wandered about in many parts of the surrounding scenes. He was a raw adventurer upon his first travel, knowing nothing of the ways of life in the wilderness, and trusting entirely to the guidance and experience of those with whom he travelled. Hasty, impulsive, and rash as he was careless, and without possessing a single quality of character that would have distinguished him a confused terror at once took possession of him, and starting up, in the direction in which he had last seen the wagons, he ran with headlong speed, shouting wildly at every step, in hopes of being heard by some of his companions.

The terrified man, beroft of all thought by the fearful nature of his predicament, could not even remember in the wild rush of his flight the object having his lungs with wild and desolate cries to assistance. Within reach of nothing visible around him, he met with a violent fall, and was stunned into insensibility. He was given up for lost, and the substance of the poor fellow's own relation. He came back to consciousness some time after, by night, in the midst of a pack of howling wolves, and found himself lying by the side of a buffalo skeleton, not yet perfectly stripped of the mouldering dogs of the desert. A situation more appalling could not be imagined, and here, on the instant, the man endured not but he was accused pre-matured from his state of mind. The howling of the creatures assembling his own body, for his clothes were mouldered and torn, and the wound in his head was no less big, than a tooth, it seems, had not yet touched him! He had tripped upon the skeleton, and struck his forehead on a sharp bone in other part, as he discovered a huge lump upon his head, which he could unconsciously when he came to his senses.

The poor fellow, in the heat of his terror, must not to scare away the wolves, and succeeded, and escape from the spot, leaving the wounded animals to retire again to the buffalo's bones, and give them a closer pelting. Just escaping from one frightful situation, he was now in the midst of the keen horrors of his desolate and wretched condition, but the unhappy man's sensations were harrowing and that the worst was yet to be proved onward, his strength failing at every step, sinking in harsh and broken shrieks in his throat and changing his course again and again, in utter and miserable uncertainty of which way to turn.

Daylight came, the sun rose, many hours approached and passed, and the last man was alone in the desert, famished and faint, without the slightest hope of regaining his companions or finding the track they were pursuing.

That night the unhappy wretch sunk exhausted upon the prairie, and was awakened from his slumber and deeper misery appalling even than the night before. A compact and innumerable band of buffalo came on—ing the entire the ranges of the prairie on which he lay, and he started from his unconscious peril at being trodden to death by the huge monsters of the plain. As these dense masses of buffalo move, they create a wind that rise in the air like a sea surge, and as the vast black herd came toward him in their midnight the poor fellow felt as if a tempest of wind assumed about to overwhelm him. Utterly powerless and with his danger, he unfortunately could not start to his feet, and stood confounded, fancying either in the rear or the centre there was no safety, lost by exciting their terror, he should but increase his own peril.

From this dreadful position, however, he likewise escaped unhurt, for the animals separated, as in their centre when a crowd of men were seen, and passed on in two divisions, keeping some 200 yards clear of the mysterious object, which, under the dim moonlight, once again appearing, as the last of the innumerable herd of creatures passed him, and the man was left alone. He had now the buffalo at a retreating buffalo, and missed fire, for his pursuer was long gone, after which the poor fellow's self was fascinating, and his only hope seemed in the slaughtering of a buffalo. He followed, travelling on his knees, until, after about an hour's watching and labor, wounded a cow at last with a successful shot, but the animal was not instantly slain, and the whole band disappeared, while the poor trader fell prostrate, too exhausted and faint to make another effort in the pursuit.

The unhappy wretch by gnawing aloud, alone in the midst of an interminable waste, characterized to cooperation and despair, when the bark of a small prairie dog attracted his attention. Upon more he charged his side, for the little creature came in sight with its nose thrust into the earth, and seemed unconscious its hole. The starving man by prostrate upon the earth, took slow and cautious aim at the dog, and with the fortunate enough to knock it out of its hole with a broken back; but before he could reach the spot, the dying creature had wriggled back into his hiding place and disappeared. With his ten fingers, the desperate man raked up the earth, and succeeded in dragging the dying dog out upon the grass, where, without waiting to finish his supper, he tore its warm flesh with his teeth, like a wolf, while the surprising creature was still biting at his fingers.

This unnatural sustenance restored the drooping man, and he was enabled to resume his wanderings, which he continued for three more days and nights, alone, desolate and miserable, until he encountered a hunting party of Camanches, whom, so far from avoiding, he rushed to embrace, as though they were kindred sons and dear, and the best friends he could meet on earth. They were friends, as it turned out, for they set him upon the track to regain his caravan, with instructions to direct him, and buffalo meat to support him, paying themselves by stripping him of his robe and everything else of the slightest value he had about him.

After four days travel the poor trader reached the last night's encampment, and learned, not long after the grave. Upon the evening of his loss search was made in all directions, and signal guns fired, which he probably heard, and had not been totally insensible by the buffalo's skeleton. Search was also continued upon the succeeding days, but the caravan moved along, but like wandering had been the unhappy man, tossing in a fever of bewilderment, that it was impossible to trace him. The five days suffering of this unfortunate man, may be considered among the severest and best, except hops, in the intermediate solitude; alone, in a vast domain of sky and grass, famishing and tormented with raging thirst; oh, terms may not be found of sorrows from reflection to thrill the natural sympathies, should not such a story as this of the Lost Man.

Our Correspondents

LETTERS FROM CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY BENJAMIN TAPPAN, M. D.

THE VOYAGE—HARBOR OF HAVANA.—ETC.—ETC.

There are certain events connected with one's first experience of "Life at Sea," that tend to the most particular and interesting significance. To the initiated, indeed, the theme is not altogether devoid of interest, and a creative genius will discover elements of poetry and beauty in the most unpromising subject. Such is the case with the tourist, quitting for the first time his native land, this preliminary step in the way is one over which he lingers with a fondness of which none but the exhilarating wind that fills his sail, and which (except at foreign shores) yields to a calmer thought less healthful kind of enjoyment.

Such was the case with myself when my partner who proclaim upon it at the moment of quitting your native land. The ship behave so beautifully that I think I could have a steady hand for carving swells before the breeze, as she struggles with the foam, bringing to be free. The land is left at the sight, and you are impatient to be gone. A word or beam, and the vessel moves. The very bowers below here you gallantly out of the harbor *Sandy* up a one that sends you upperiors to the bay, and you bring the force of a deep broken every hour, rolling from side to side as the vessel rises and falls with the swell of the waves of the sea. Every wave that thunders against the ship makes your heart quiver with fear. It will then, you think to unmast her case, and therefore rush out to consult with the captain; but on desk in that direction, as helpless as you are, that's evil of raging might trip you up, or the crest of a wave dash you to the deck.

Onward flies the vessel, flinging a shower of spray over her quivering deck. Around, the huge waves rear and roll, gathering strength, until they crown themselves with snowy wreaths of foam, and show their superior heights. The dark heaving mass, roaring and surging nearer and nearer, seems to threaten you with the approbation of some dreadful superhuman and very terrible.

It is a mad spectacle. Everything is beside itself with rage and fear, and nothing of property seems to think of reducing such a chaotic state of things into order and system. Even the vessel, the vast mountains to rest, and mocking the disturbed elements around her, appears to be in the grasp of attack from our red brethren. The Charleston Company that were expeditiously that these are California Company that will leave the Western frontier, and being reinforced by a large party." It adds: "The company will follow the route marked out by Lieutenant Beford, from Fort Union to Santa Fe. He made a very good road, cutting down the banks of ravines, and in many places there are bridges."

MANUFACTURES IN GEORGIA.—In Augusta they have opened books for subscription to new stock, which is rapidly filling up. The new mill will be now mill by the side of the one now in operation. The present mill, says the Chronicle and Sentinel, is turning out 4,000 yards per day, which will soon be increased to 10,000. The demand for the goods is so great that the mill owners think they can give a product of 40 yards a day. There is a large number of operatives, and of males who seek employment at this important mechanical pursuit. Their wages are good and satisfactory.

MANUFACTURES IN BOSTON.—A manufacture ball took place at the Boston Theatre on Tuesday night, in honor of the Queen of Spain, who was dressed as a French Count, in a suit of embroidered velvet, with a sword by his side. Master of a flight, from the finest indulgence in strong drink, that she was not received at her boarding house, and that she was not seen in the street. The partner and her character was in the same predicament.

THE FAMILY OF CHARNING.—Among the persons who were sentenced to transportation for life at Dr. Webster's rebellion, in 1840, were the four persons of the name of Channing, namely, Joseph, Stephen, William, and Marlene. The biographer of Dr. Channing does not trace the pedigree of his subject beyond the grandfather. This is the more remarkable, as the name is rather unusual.—*London Athenæum.*

BOTTLE-FLOATS.—Capt. Forbes, of the steamer Caledonia, found at Valparaiso a letter sent by a lad at San Francisco to his mother, upon sending her a bottle full of gold dust. It ran thus: "Dear mother, I have only time to say that I sent you a bottle of gold dust. I am very well and happy, but I can't, bottles are scarce in these regions."

CURIOUS AFFAIR.—The body of the man that was found murdered near Alexandria, was identified on Saturday last by Mr. Hepburn, of Maryland. When the intelligence was taken to his family, the persons carrying it were met a little sister of Mr. Hepburn's, who was playfully trying to receive the news of his murder at their hands.

LORD CRICHTON.—Some time since, a person at Hollenbeck, more ingenious than generous, had a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months. The tradesman, who had a large family to support, and was in great need of the money at that period, the award treat it was payable two months after date, refused to offer delay.

LORD DUNRAVEN.—In the County of Mayo, three magistrates are receiving out-door relief for themselves and families, and they refuse to leave the unions. This fact is sufficient to show that the destitution is not confined to the peasantry.

Varieties.

POWER OF MARIE.—Miss Martineau, in her recent work on Household Education, tells the following:

"An American infant was carried off by the Indians, and remained with them for several years. Of course he grew up in all the savage customs, especially in the education of his mind as an enemy. By and bye, he was brought back to civilization, was educated with a view to clergyman. He acquitted himself honorably and seemed happy in his vocation. But some years after, he was missed from his post. He had gone to the forest and the United States, and went out on one occasion to his protracted absence, and found him engaged in a fight. When he returned, a gentleman noticed his flushed look and hurried manner, and remarked to him that he was blood on his shirt. The young man crossed his hands firmly upon his breast, and his head supported, as if he had received a wound, pulled open the shirt, and saw between his hands a little tuft of gold curls. 'I could not help it,' cried the victim of habit, and ran instantly back to Indian life, and never more appeared among civilized men.

SOBERING.—"My uncle Phil was an awful sinner. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's anger. At any time of the day you could set to it, that it soothed her repose. They were very good humored people, and never slept sour for many years. At length, my uncle was required to attend a court, at some hundred miles distant. He was gone after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and pondered how she would find, but it must be the beginning of a servant girl; she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once."

SUDDENLY AFFRAY.—The father of Lord Anglesey living in poverty, sold his sword to sell, and was refused. He instantly hired a stall in one of the most public places of London, and put up a sign in large letters, "Sword sold cheaper than the father of Lord Anglesey." Within a few hours the sale was done, with a public request that the sign might be burnt.

General News.

WHERE IS CALIFORNIA.—If the thirst for gold has not yet turned your brains completely, cast your eye on one side of the Continent, to cause the disruption of domestic ties, either relatives or connections, and it would seem that in the gold region itself the feeling is reversed, in some degree, for a lady writes from San Francisco to her friend in Monterey, she the following fashion:—

The demand for marriageable women seems to be as great as for gold. This is the only country in the world where women are properly appreciated. The proportion of males in the country to five to one of females, and the labor of females is so much needed in reading, &c., at the gold regions, as the males. There have been more marriages the last five months than in two years previous, in this country. The squaws, before they will go to the gold regions, make efforts to get white husbands, which they seem obtain in the present state of affairs.

Father Hardon, the Catholic priest, has informed me that he married the last week 18 couples in one day. The consequence is that the poor lie has well more he left without any class of females from which they can choose;—as carpenters, masons, and women of whatever condition society will marry an Indian, when she can really marry a white man of more wealth and genuine merit. Some of the most ugly and slovenly servants have merry traders who have accumulated fortunes in a week.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The following anecdote is told of Louis Napoleon, in a late London paper:—

"The Emperor Napoleon has appointed the cousin of the Legion of Honor a few days since to the Emperor's table. M. Vitu, in 'Causes du Jour, *James Journey, Albert S. Wallington, R. S. James, Henry Fox, and E. A. Bourne.*

MR. C. W. JAMES, Sr., 1 Harrison avenue, Charlestown, Mass., is our travelling agent in the West, and is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RED REPUBLICANS FOR CALIFORNIA.—A company of Charleston Indians, numbering not less than a hundred, are to leave Charleston, by the first day of April, on the South side of Arkansas river, by Messrs. Gadsden and Co., who are the owners of the company. They tender an invitation to those in the neighboring States, and in the Nation, who wish to go to California to join the company.

The Charleston Advocate says:

"There is one great advantage in going with the Cherokee Company. The Cherokees are on the most friendly terms with all the Indian tribes of the prairies, consequently there is no fear of the first day of April, on the South side of Arkansas river, by Messrs. Gadsden and Co., who are the owners of the company. They tender an invitation to those in the neighboring States, and in the Nation, who wish to go to California to join the company.

The Cherokee Advocate says:

"There is one great advantage in going with the Cherokee Company. The Cherokees are on the most friendly terms with all the Indian tribes of the prairies, consequently there is no fear of attack from our red brethren. The Cherokees are California Company that will leave the Western frontier, and being reinforced by a large party." It adds: "The company will follow the route marked out by Lieutenant Beford, from Fort Union to Santa Fe. He made a very good road, cutting down the banks of ravines, and in many places there are bridges."

MANUFACTURES IN GEORGIA.—In Augusta they have opened books for subscription to new stock, which is rapidly filling up. The new mill will be now mill by the side of the one now in operation. The present mill, says the Chronicle and Sentinel, is turning out 4,000 yards per day, which will soon be increased to 10,000. The demand for the goods is so great that the mill owners think they can give a product of 40 yards a day. There is a large number of operatives, and of males who seek employment at this important mechanical pursuit. Their wages are good and satisfactory.

MANUFACTURES IN BOSTON.—A manufacture ball took place at the Boston Theatre on Tuesday night, in honor of the Queen of Spain, who was dressed as a French Count, in a suit of embroidered velvet, with a sword by his side. Master of a flight, from the finest indulgence in strong drink, that she was not received at her boarding house, and that she was not seen in the street. The partner and her character was in the same predicament.

THE FAMILY OF CHARNING.—Among the persons who were sentenced to transportation for life at Dr. Webster's rebellion, in 1840, were the four persons of the name of Channing, namely, Joseph, Stephen, William, and Marlene. The biographer of Dr. Channing does not trace the pedigree of his subject beyond the grandfather. This is the more remarkable, as the name is rather unusual.—*London Athenæum.*

BOTTLE-FLOATS.—Capt. Forbes, of the steamer Caledonia, found at Valparaiso a letter sent by a lad at San Francisco to his mother, upon sending her a bottle full of gold dust. It ran thus: "Dear mother, I have only time to say that I sent you a bottle of gold dust. I am very well and happy, but I can't, bottles are scarce in these regions."

CURIOUS AFFAIR.—The body of the man that was found murdered near Alexandria, was identified on Saturday last by Mr. Hepburn, of Maryland. When the intelligence was taken to his family, the persons carrying it were met a little sister of Mr. Hepburn's, who was playfully trying to receive the news of his murder at their hands.

LORD CRICHTON.—Some time since, a person at Hollenbeck, more ingenious than generous, had a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months. The tradesman, who had a large family to support, and was in great need of the money at that period, the award treat it was payable two months after date, refused to offer delay.

LORD DUNRAVEN.—In the County of Mayo, three magistrates are receiving out-door relief for themselves and families, and they refuse to leave the unions. This fact is sufficient to show that the destitution is not confined to the peasantry.

Varieties.

POWER OF MARIE.—Miss Martineau, in her recent work on Household Education, tells the following:

"An American infant was carried off by the Indians, and remained with them for several years. Of course he grew up in all the savage customs, especially in the education of his mind as an enemy. By and bye, he was brought back to civilization, was educated with a view to clergyman. He acquitted himself honorably and seemed happy in his vocation. But some years after, he was missed from his post. He had gone to the forest and the United States, and went out on one occasion to his protracted absence, and found him engaged in a fight. When he returned, a gentleman noticed his flushed look and hurried manner, and remarked to him that he was blood on his shirt. The young man crossed his hands firmly upon his breast, and his head supported, as if he had received a wound, pulled open the shirt, and saw between his hands a little tuft of gold curls. 'I could not help it,' cried the victim of habit, and ran instantly back to Indian life, and never more appeared among civilized men.

SOBERING.—"My uncle Phil was an awful sinner. He could be heard further than a blacksmith's anger. At any time of the day you could set to it, that it soothed her repose. They were very good humored people, and never slept sour for many years. At length, my uncle was required to attend a court, at some hundred miles distant. He was gone after his departure, my aunt never slept a wink; she missed the snoring. The second night passed away in the same way without sleep. She was getting into a very bad way, and pondered how she would find, but it must be the beginning of a servant girl; she took the coffee mill into my aunt's chamber, and ground her to sleep at once."

SUDDENLY AFFRAY.—The father of Lord Anglesey living in poverty, sold his sword to sell, and was refused. He instantly hired a stall in one of the most public places of London, and put up a sign in large letters, "Sword sold cheaper than the father of Lord Anglesey." Within a few hours the sale was done, with a public request that the sign might be burnt.

BONNET

On Mrs. Butler's Readings from Shakspeare.
BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh precious evening! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving no leave to such rich heritage!
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest poets,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!

How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read
The sacred pages of the master spirit!
Of the great poet who fowrous the ages,
Rapt in the visions of her shall be not!

Oh happy Reader! hearing for thy use!
Thou hast the power to bid the unseen have tongue
The rarest measure of all human thought!
Oh happy Poet! by an order vased
How must the listening spirit now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!

USE OF NEWSPAPERS.—No one should be without a well-conducted newspaper; he is far beneath the spirit of the age, either active or contemplated, if it would seem that in the gold region itself the feeling is reversed, in some degree, for a lady writes from San Francisco to her friend in Monterey, she the following fashion:—

The demand for marriageable women seems to be as great as for gold. This is the only country in the world where women are properly appreciated. The proportion of males in the country to five to one of females, and the labor of females is so much needed in reading, &c., at the gold regions, as the males. There have been more marriages the last five months than in two years previous, in this country. The squaws, before they will go to the gold regions, make efforts to get white husbands, which they seem obtain in the present state of affairs.

Father Hardon, the Catholic priest, has informed me that he married the last week 18 couples in one day. The consequence is that the poor lie has well more he left without any class of females from which they can choose;—as carpenters, masons, and women of whatever condition society will marry an Indian, when she can really marry a white man of more wealth and genuine merit. Some of the most ugly and slovenly servants have merry traders who have accumulated fortunes in a week.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The following anecdote is told of Louis Napoleon, in a late London paper:—

"The Emperor Napoleon has appointed the cousin of the Legion of Honor a few days since to the Emperor's table. M. Vitu, in 'Causes du Jour, *James Journey, Albert S. Wallington, R. S. James, Henry Fox, and E. A. Bourne.*

MR. C. W. JAMES, Sr., 1 Harrison avenue, Charlestown, Mass., is our travelling agent in the West, and is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RED REPUBLICANS FOR CALIFORNIA.—A company of Charleston Indians, numbering not less than a hundred, are to leave Charleston, by the first day of April, on the South side of Arkansas river, by Messrs. Gadsden and Co., who are the owners of the company. They tender an invitation to those in the neighboring States, and in the Nation, who wish to go to California to join the company.

The Cherokee Advocate says:

"There is one great advantage in going with the Cherokee Company. The Cherokees are on the most friendly terms with all the Indian tribes of the prairies, consequently there is no fear of attack from our red brethren. The Cherokees are California Company that will leave the Western frontier, and being reinforced by a large party." It adds: "The company will follow the route marked out by Lieutenant Beford, from Fort Union to Santa Fe. He made a very good road, cutting down the banks of ravines, and in many places there are bridges."

MANUFACTURES IN GEORGIA.—In Augusta they have opened books for subscription to new stock, which is rapidly filling up. The new mill will be now mill by the side of the one now in operation. The present mill, says the Chronicle and Sentinel, is turning out 4,000 yards per day, which will soon be increased to 10,000. The demand for the goods is so great that the mill owners think they can give a product of 40 yards a day. There is a large number of operatives, and of males who seek employment at this important mechanical pursuit. Their wages are good and satisfactory.

MANUFACTURES IN BOSTON.—A manufacture ball took place at the Boston Theatre on Tuesday night, in honor of the Queen of Spain, who was dressed as a French Count, in a suit of embroidered velvet, with a sword by his side. Master of a flight, from the finest indulgence in strong drink, that she was not received at her boarding house, and that she was not seen in the street. The partner and her character was in the same predicament.

THE FAMILY OF CHARNING.—Among the persons who were sentenced to transportation for life at Dr. Webster's rebellion, in 1840, were the four persons of the name of Channing, namely, Joseph, Stephen, William, and Marlene. The biographer of Dr. Channing does not trace the pedigree of his subject beyond the grandfather. This is the more remarkable, as the name is rather unusual.—*London Athenæum.*

BOTTLE-FLOATS.—Capt. Forbes, of the steamer Caledonia, found at Valparaiso a letter sent by a lad at San Francisco to his mother, upon sending her a bottle full of gold dust. It ran thus: "Dear mother, I have only time to say that I sent you a bottle of gold dust. I am very well and happy, but I can't, bottles are scarce in these regions."

CURIOUS AFFAIR.—The body of the man that was found murdered near Alexandria, was identified on Saturday last by Mr. Hepburn, of Maryland. When the intelligence was taken to his family, the persons carrying it were met a little sister of Mr. Hepburn's, who was playfully trying to receive the news of his murder at their hands.

LORD CRICHTON.—Some time since, a person at Hollenbeck, more ingenious than generous, had a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months. The tradesman, who had a large family to support, and was in great need of the money at that period, the award treat it was payable two months after date, refused to offer delay.

LORD DUNRAVEN.—In the County of Mayo, three magistrates are receiving out-door relief for themselves and families, and they refuse to leave the unions. This fact is sufficient to show that the destitution is not confined to the peasantry.

Original Essays.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. IV.

Having pointed out some of the admirable harmonies which exist between plants and things around them, we shall be still more filled with admiration at the wisdom and goodness of God under the insects. What prodigies are the ants and the bees!

The invariable order established in the little governments of these insects, the constancy in making revolutions, all their imaginary plans are perfectly regulated, and with the greatest respect; she directs her whole people, who are her children, she commands some to labor, and by thousand bees. If she walk, a passage is made for her; if she stop, she is immediately surrounded by the bees who only delight seem to be to please her. The most remarkable fact is that every one contributes to the utmost for the power for the general happiness. The queen, though she does not work, animates the whole by making revolutions, and when any accident happens to her, the whole swarm is in immediate disorder, and it is the last loss of the bees. Everything depends on her existence.

Sometimes the bees come to the gates of the city, a new sentiment agitates her, and suddenly she launches into the air, and is followed. One bee, however, is not sufficient to ensure perfect order reigns in her dominions. A cause that she has left was a mystery, and it was discovered, as if to humble the pride of the queen, by a blind insect, which is the only one that enjoys the privilege of entering the hive without being stopped. To Huber, who was blind, and to his servant Burnens we are indebted for the discovery.

But the world is full of wonders. Behold the insect glueing new leaves to the branches that under the knife which severs it in twain; the spider flies which is enlarged to a large as that of the caterpillar with four thousand and forty-one muscles. Hook has found four thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone. And another artist counts and has counted no less than thirteen thousand three hundred and seventy-six facets in the eye of a butterfly. The body of each spider contains four small muscles, covered with a membrane of the greatest delicacy, and of such a power that the weight of a grain of sand, when applied to the muscles, is sufficient to move it. Leeuwenhoek has observed with a microscope spiders not larger than a grain of sand, and these spiders spun threads so fine that four thousand would be required to make a single thread of silk. The eye of the fly alone is composed of four thousand other three by 0, 12 lines in diameter. It would require sixteen millions of latter to make a card of the thickness of a bair.

Such are the wonders of the insect world. For science, to have discovered these wonders, but the power and wisdom of the Creator.

CUBULCUS.

Miscellaneous.

CAPTAIN GUY.

BY A VIRGINIA CORRESPONDENT.

One fine day in the year 1813, two men started on a little schooner called the "Herring," from creek in Maryland, abreast of Slackstone's Island, with a load of oysters, for a run to Alexandria.

They had just got clear of the land, and fairly into the Potomac, when they were boarded by some of the British fleet, which was then blockading the river, and whose crew subsequently proved to be a press gang. The little banker was quickly put aboard, and endeavored to regain her harbor, but in vain. A rapid current bore her down the river and land. The men on board owned the vessel, and from their suspicious, their names Matthew Guy and Woodward.

Guy was a little bullet-headed fellow, as brave as Old Hickory, and could stand as much grog as a commodore. He was a thorough-bred Virginian, celebrated pressage of the name who is still living in Virginia, and who answers generally to the name of Guy. He was a thorough-bred Virginian, celebrated pressage of the name who is still living in Virginia, and who answers generally to the name of Guy. He was a thorough-bred Virginian, celebrated pressage of the name who is still living in Virginia, and who answers generally to the name of Guy.

"D—— ton !" said Guy. "I'll give 'em the slip!" So as soon as the little fleet was out of sight, he put down his helm, and away they went.

Well, he did: He got behind a headland, and then he got under the shore, and then he got into the barge pulled in, as soon as her keel touched the bottom, and left her to the mercy of the enemy. Guy and Woodward, and his two men, by the time they got to the mouth of the creek, were coming after him, and judging from the sample they did not wish to see the rest of them; and it is also said that he had but one load of shot, and that one: but one thing is certain, he manifested no disposition to offer—of the—to any of them himself, and enlivened them up to the utmost pace.

The main facts of the above story may be asserted and by any one who will inquire at the War Department in Washington. The names are the same at the time, Gen. John Mason, the father of Major Mason, of Virginia, is still living. He knows he paid Guy the sum allowed by Government for taking the vessel. Then Guy came forward to claim the reward, his claim was decided, all the others taken acknowledged him to be his right. I have heard that the sum paid him by the Government for the barge and the prisoners and their arms, amounted to some thousand or twelve hundred dollars, a snug little independence for the brave little fellow.

It is said that the captured officer, for some reason or other, denied that he was wounded.—When they heard of it, he said, "Open his shirt bosom and examine."

Guy, I believe, emigrated some years after to Kentucky.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

Just six less years ago, Charles Kemble was lessee of Covent Garden Theatre. In his efforts to uphold the legitimate drama the "House" got into debt $30,000. There was no apparent escape for the brother of John Kemble and the inimitable Siddons. Bankruptcy and ruin stared him in the face. Frances, his eldest daughter, then but—on success and successes years o 6, one day appeared at her papa, and (as dly said to him that she thought she could play "*Juliet*," and she was if do so for his sake, if he would permit her. The young lady, not known to fame, was then only for any stage stage than that of private life, and it must be the father's heart to hear an attend to so important a duty. Her success was very great, as the event has since proved, and a distinguished audience was made to greet the fair young debutante. Her eldest sister herself with a brilliant success, and bold-Lady, the wife of a banker, and the mother of two Miss Butlers, now grown to womanhood.

Mrs. Butler's first appearance in America was in Boston, where she was received with the most dazzling applause. Her success was unbounded. Her beauty, her genius, her fame, and her unfortunate marriage, all combined to make her the most dazzling genius—were present. The triumph of the debutante was complete. He is the family a want of unanimity of manners and indifference of ignorance, most strikingly in contrast with the neighbor who allows himself such a total indulgence. Young men, especially, should not be unmindful of their influence; conduct is contagious; and a single example, in a few months, in one more in her self character.—*New York True Sun.*

DOMESTIC PRAYER.—In the "Voyages of Creation," published several years ago, is the following remarks: "Of the United States we are not expected to make no great way in civilization, till they be fully peopled to the Pacific; and it might not be unreasonable to expect that when that time occurred, the greatest civilizations of that vast country will be found in the Dominions of California and the narrow strip of country beyond the Rocky Mountains."

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. ISRAEL R. JAMES, No. 160 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *James E. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. B. P. James, Jesse Weld, J. P. Wanger, G. Hall, James Journey, Albert S. Wallington, R. S. James, Henry Fox, and E. A. Bourne.*

MR. C. W. JAMES, Sr., 1 Harrison avenue, Charlestown, Mass., is our travelling agent in the West, and is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post.

MR. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our travelling agent for that State, and is duly authorized to receive subscriptions for the Saturday Evening Post.

E. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector at Rile in Texas.

ROBERT BUTLER will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEED, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Connecticut.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

J. L. RUSSELL, do. do. in Ohio. No.

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our only Collector for Texas.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for the paper.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *JAMES S. GIBBONS & CO., Publishers, No. 48 Ann Street, New York City.*

BRITTON & CO., Boston, Mass.

WILSON & CO., Baltimore.

MICHAEL DOLAN, Washington, D. C.

GEORGE W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.

M. P. MORSE, Mobile, Alabama.

D. W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.

BRADFIELD & FARR, Richmond, Va.

J. F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.

O. S. W. PEASE & Co., No. 16 4th street, Cincinnati.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above Agencies.

The following article we copy with pleasure from the Boston Mercantile Journal. March, 1852, and we are glad to see that the author is not afraid to speak out in meeting and express his opinion freely. We will cheerfully admit the truth of all he says:

It was known many years ago that the world slowly but surely was progressing, and that the world was growing more and more intelligent, and that a generation of the wants or lack of the times was not to be found. Many physicians would be the most effective remedies in many diseases. The Bible, the Almanac, and the Newspaper, are the Water, a highly respectable physician of Virginia, who has been in the practice of his profession for more than forty years, has published a work on a subject, and when in combination with other remedial agents, is truly wonderful. Many diseases which were formerly considered incurable, are now successfully treated in our cities and country with a certainty and success that is truly astonishing. Dyspepsia, which is a disease of more than one-half of the human race, and which is more prevalent in our cities and towns than in the country, is now treated with a success that is truly astonishing. Dyspepsia, which is a disease of more than one-half of the human race, and which is more prevalent in our cities and towns than in the country, is now treated with a success that is truly astonishing.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Pulmonic Wafers are highly recommended for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Also, Dr. Swayne's Compound Pulmonic Wafers are highly recommended for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Selected Poetry.

FROM ORREN'S NATIONAL GUARD.

THE GAMBLER'S VICTIM.

SUGGESTED BY AN AFFECTING INCIDENT IN ORREN'S REMINISCENCES.

Murdered! motionless he lies,
Cold his brow, and closed his eyes;
And the purple life-tide now
Stains the marble lip and brow.
Look upon him while you may,
Turn not, stern and cold, away—
Look upon the outstretched form,
Late with youth and vigor warm;
Death has left its impress there—
Death, with ruin and despair!

Look upon the marble brow;
Ghastly and discolored now;
Hands in death's last struggle clenched,
Eyes whose spirit-light is quenched,
Lips which Love's sweet story told,
In the happy days of old.
There a mother hath caressed,
Here her gentle lips she pressed;
And she twined her fingers fair
In this dark, dishevelled hair.

Victim! who for thee shall plead?
Who hath done this murderous deed?
He whose lure of eloquence
Won thy young heart's confidence;
To thy lips the wine-cup placed,
Bade thee all its sweetness taste;
Lured thee to the revellers' hall,
Bound thee in the tempter's thrall;
He hath led thee to a doom,
Veiled in darkest, deepest gloom.

Murdered! by the gambler's art;
He who maddened thy young heart,
Waking hope and fear in turn—
Marking frenzy wildly burn
In thine every word and glance,
With an unmoved countenance—
Coolly counting gain and cost,
While he saw thee ruined! lost!
Aiming then the final blow,
Fraught with deadliest, darkest woe.

Oh! methinks for such a deed
Scarce can Mercy intercede;
Angel hosts must turn away,
And for him forget to pray,
Who, with cold, unpitying eye,
Marks his victim's misery;
Leads him onward to a fate,
Bitterest, most desolate,
As upon his vision glare
Ruin, misery and despair!

But the tale is not yet told—
Linger, and its close behold;
God forbid that you should know
Half that agony of woe
Which the widowed mother feels,
Who beside her first-born kneels,
While her ashy lips are pressed
On her lost one's senseless breast,
Proving that she too had died
With her son, the Suicide!

Turn not from the dead away!
Learn the lesson while you may.
Of the tempter's art beware—
Of the gambler's deadly snare;
Shadowed yet by Mercy's wing,
Touch not the accursed thing;
By thy memories of the past,
By its sunshine round thee cast,
Hasten! from the tempter flee,
In thy manhood's might, be free!

Western Sketches.

HO-TA-MA: OR THE HORSE TAMER.

BY C. FENNO HOFFMAN.

The learned seem to have been for some time agreed that the famous mystery of "The Irish Whisperer" (who, according to the vulgar belief, subdued the most fractious horse by breathing in his ear,) is explicable only by the theory of animal magnetism. Some tribes of our American Indians are undeniably, according to Catlin, in possession of this remarkable secret power, whatever it may be. He avers, indeed, if I recollect aright, that he has seen a wild mustang of the most unmanageable kind reduced to perfect obedience by an Indian breathing into his nostrils.

Ho-Ta-Ma, however, the famous horse tamer of the North-West, used always to aver that he had a personal Manitto, or attendant spirit, to whom he was indebted for his singular success in this perilous occupation.

"Bashgo-pock-aghe" (he would say, speaking of his familiar by name,) "moves with Ho-Ta-Ma among horses. He sleeps in the fetlock of the wildest steed! What hoof is lifted that he cannot guide?"

I never saw this remarkable fellow but once and then I was so absorbed in the professional display of his art, that I confess to having carried away in memory rather an indistinct portrait of the jockey juggler. To the best of my recollection, he was a lank, long-limbed Indian, whose face had a whimsical sleekness of feature, that gave him a sort of greasy aspect, no matter how clean might be his skin. The reader has perhaps observed the same thing in white men; a sort of shining and outer mobility of expression—a suppleness of the face that seems to have no connection with the play of the soul within—the man's features looking as if they had been rendered plastic rather by pomatum than emotion.—Reader mine—*gare le Renard*—look out for *an adept* when in contact with one of those slippery-faced rogues.

It is a curious thing, however,—very curious—that men of this description, not only shrewd in the extreme, but having the corners of their shrewdness, as it were, polished over with a roguish smoothness—that these very finished specimens of "men of the world," I say, are often the most egregious votaries of some absurd superstition—are, in a word, their own habitual dupes, while ever on the alert to dupe all others.

This Ho-Ta-Ma, I believe, was a very scamp as ever dealt in horse-flesh—which is certainly saying a great deal, inasmuch as the facility of cheating seems sooner or later to tinge every man with roguery who becomes an habitual horse-trader—yet Ho-Ta-Ma had a faith in the existence and aid of his familiar spirit, that I do honestly think would have carried him through the horrors of martyrdom. No Transcendentalist, in fact, could more positively confide in the personal and portable deity, which some of our new religious lights teach us, that each citizen of the Republic carries about in his own bosom, than did this poor Indian in the spiritual convenience which he conceived to be his own special possession.

Now there was a horse at Fort ——, which, though a six-year-old, had never been ridden by mortal man, and, in common with the officers of the *garrison*, I was very desirous to see Ho-Ta-Ma try the effects of his Indian jugglery upon him. The horse in question was a sinewy, powerful brute, of the most irreclaimably vicious character. Repeated attempts had been made to break him, but the operators in almost every instance had received such severe falls, that the soldiers of Col. ——'s command were forbidden to make any further experiments with him. I recollect well that he was stone-blind of one eye, [illegible]

steamer. Our rash friend, I need hardly say, measured his length in a trice upon the prairie, from which we raised him bruised and bleeding, but happily with no bone broken. A regular Hotspur in temper, he called instantly for his pistols, the moment he regained his feet, and would undoubtedly have shot the horse on the spot had we not interposed.

"Why shoot?" said the Indian, dryly, "him no good eat. Him much tough. Give him Ho-Ta-Ma; he know how to make fat. Him eat and his little ones."

"Eat him!—by heavens," cried our impulsive friend, "to be eat by crows and heathen is all his carcase is good for. But d— him, I want to see him brought under, if it is only for ten minutes together. I'll tell you, Indian," he added, turning quickly to Ho-Ta-Ma, "keep on that horse's back twenty minutes by my watch, and he is yours to do what you choose with."

Whether the proposition, as thus worded, was unintelligible to Ho-Ta-Ma, or whether he only wished it set forth, if possible, more clearly, I do not know, but it took us some time to explain it fairly to him, when he closed with it in the most effectual manner, by thanking the white man for giving him so much "good meat," which he must try and deserve by now giving him an exhibition of his skill in return for the kindness.

The Indian now took from beneath his hunting-shirt a short mace, or war-club, as it seemed to me; a piece of wood about the length and weight of a common round mahogany ruler, such as one uses in counting-houses. He handled this with great ceremony, and spreading his blanket on the ground sat down and addressing it with some unintelligible jargon, proceeded to wind around the centre of the mace a long and thick thong of raw elk hide. When he had paused in his mummery, I made an effort to ascertain whether his "medicine" (metai-pushe-ocoshe, or bashgo-pock-aghe,) was in the skin or in the wood, or whether the potency of the charm was to be evoked from the union of the two. He was, however, deaf to all enquiry—and without looking one side or the other, advanced toward the horse.

He now spread his blanket like an ordinary horse-cloth over the animal's back, and after speaking a few low words to him, placed the stick gently thereon, and attempted to balance it in his place. The stick would not balance, the roll of cord around it evidently, to my eye at least, presenting an uneven surface that rendered the thing impossible. His features now became dreadfuly agitated, so wildly, fearfully agitated, that if this part of the performance were *acting*—of which I had subsequently strong suspicions—it was the most perfect acting I can conceive of. The words that fell from him, as interpreted to me by others, implied that his familiar, or personal Manitto, had deserted him. The stick (metai-wangun, or medicine, or medicine club) would not *ride*, and if that could not ride the horse, neither could Ho-Ta-Ma!

After awhile, however, he seemed to collect himself from this state of excitement. He intimated that the presence of so many Chemocomens, or Long Knives, affected the operation of his charms. He must take the horse where none but a red man would be confronted with him. The stable and a little grove, or islet of timber on the prairie, were both indicated to which he might retire with his charge. He chose the latter.

The thicket was about a hundred yards from the spot where we were standing, and the glossy leaves of paw-paw and rhododendron with the umbrage of vines festooning the pepperage trees upon its skirts, soon hid both horse and man from sight. But from the moment he glided within its shadows we watched the place intently to see where Ho-Ta-Ma would make his appearance.

In about twenty minutes or less, I should think, the whirr of a pack of grouse from the farther side of the thicket told that the Indian was in motion, and indicated where we should look for him to appear. He emerged, still leading the horse. The distance between us was nearly doubled at the point where he made his appearance upon the prairie. But the horse was still close enough for us to see that one portion at least of Ho-Ta-Ma's charm had taken effect. The blanket remained adjusted as it was before, but there on top of it, as closely as if glued to the horse's back, *rode the stick!*

The jockey juggler paused for some time, pointing triumphantly to the success of his feat. But on the instant a movement was made among our party to approach nearer and examine his appliance, he waved his hand in a menacing manner for us to keep back. Then seizing the immoveable mace with the same hand, he shouted, "Ho-Ta-Ma said if metai-wangun would ride, Ho-Ta-Ma would ride, and Ho-Ta-Ma *will ride*."

And true enough in the same instant he was on the horse's back. A convulsive attempt to rear, a short spasmodic lifting of the [illegible]

Wit and Humor.

GETTING INTO THE WRONG BOX.

A STORY OF DOWN EAST.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A few months ago, there arrived in the quiet city of Portland, a home-spun specimen of the genus homo, in a packet, all the way from Passamaquoddy. Upon going ashore, he inquired the way to the nearest public house, and was informed that it stood directly at the head of the pier where he landed.

Opposite the head of the wharf stands the "Eagle Coffee House." At the corner is located the "Custom House," the front of which is surmounted by a large gilt spread eagle.—Into the latter our traveller walked, carpet-bag in hand; and, having found his way into the first room—which chanced to be in the Surveyor's department—he threw his luggage against the corner, seized an arm chair, and drew himself up to the fire. Bracing his feet against the grate, he pulled forth a huge pipe, and having very leisurely crowded it with pig-tail, he cocked his hat over his shoulder, and commenced to puff away in right good earnest.

The Surveyor gazed at the queer biped a moment, but concluded to wait for the finale of this scene without intruding unprofitable questions. Having finished his pipe, lazily, the traveller turned about to the official with—

"Cold day, nabur."

"Very, sir."

"How long to dinner?"

"To what, sir?"

"Dinner."

"We dine at two," continued the Surveyor, discovering the stranger's error, and disposed for the nonce to humor it.

"What's the old man?" (meaning the landlord.)

"The Collector is in the next room, sir," said the agreeable Surveyor; and our Down-Easter immediately moved himself into the Collector's department, toting his luggage along as he went. Having laid down his traps, he stepped up to the counter, where stood a pitcher and a tumbler for the use of the room. The Cashier looked at him an instant, when the stranger broke silence:

"Brandy-and-water."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the astonished accountant.

"A little brandy-and water, 'fu please."

Leaving the bar-keeper (as he supposed him) to fix his toddy, he moved forward, and suddenly discovered the Collector of the Port sound asleep in his easy chair. Stepping up to him, he gave him a most unceremonious blow upon the back, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Hello! old feller—how ar ye? I say, ole hoss—how d'e deu?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the Collector.

"Glad tu see yer. Tew toddies, bar-keeper! Brandy-and-water for me—wot der yer drink, 'squire?"

"Sir!" continued the Collector again, imagining himself the victim of some horrid dream.

"Come, come, old feller! wake up!" added his tormenter, bringing down his huge mauler again between the Collector's shoulders, and well nigh knocking the breath entirely from his body.

"There's some mistake here, sir," said the Collector, springing back.

"Not a bit uv it, old rusty; I know you jest like a inkstan'."

"I don't remember—really—"

"Yis you deu, sart'n. But never mind—what yer goin' tu take?"

"Do you know where you are, sir?" inquired the Collector, supposing the man to be a lunatic, whom he had better get rid of as easily as possible.

"Me? Sartin. In Portlan'—Eagle Coffee House. You're ole Brass, the lan'lord; I know yeu. G, git aout! We're bound to hev a drink;" and he drove his thumb and fore-finger in the Collector's ribs with so much good earnest, that he nearly "finished his business" for him.

"Excuse me, sir, but—"

"No sir-ee. No backin' aout, old squibob— [illegible]

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

Among the mass of correspondence from the gold region, we have seen nothing which has afforded us more gratification, or so fully convinced us of the existence of *piles of gold* in those diggins, as the following letter from Terrence Mahony, Esquire.

SACKERYMENTO DIGGINS, Oct. 20th, 1848.

To Tim Flaherty:

Howly Moses! Tim, as soon as you have read this bit of a note come out at wonst. Rite forenenst me where I sit composing over this letther there's a fortune to be got for the mere sifthing. The sands is all goold powther. Och! if you could only see how beautiful it shines in the sun. An' this the depth of it. It goes clane down to the centre of the world. The mountains, Tim, has vains, and ivery vain is full of the circulatin' majium. Wouldn't you like to bleed them vains, ould boy? We've no horses here, 'cepting mules, and as soon as one ov the boys gets a load he puts it on the back ov the dunkey and carries it to the *ass sayere*. The ass sayers, ye see, is jintlemen as informs ye whether the goold's the rale stuff, or only iron pitaties. You see there's a deceivin' kind o' goold they call pitaties. It's an invenshun ov the ould sarpint, and iv yez put it in the fire it vanishes in a thick shmoke wid an enfarnel smell ov sulfir. Heven be about us!

It's a fine healthy rejin is the Sackrymento. There's no disease 'cept the shaking ager; and the fits come on first rate whin there's any sifthing to be done. As soon as one o' the boys gets the shake on him he just puts the sifther in his fists, and he'll make a small fortin afore the trimbles off ov him.

We're all rale demmicrats out here, Tim.—While I'm writing ov this letther on the side ov my hat—bad luck to the crown there's to it—I can see one ov the captins ov the New York malisha washing the goold in the Sackrymento without a screen o' breeches on him, savin' your presence. Even the mishinaries dig like bogthrotters all the week, and deliver mighty improvin' discourses to the Haythen on the unrighteousness of mammon on a Sunday. The Injuns is incensed in this way wid the sinfulness of riches, and sells it chape to save their sowls.

Remember me to Biddy, the darlin', an' tell her if she'll put the breeches on her she can make hapes of money here, for she knows how to use a spade, an' it's easier diggin' the goold than cutting turf in Kilkenny. But she'd better not be afther comin' in her natural duds, for site ov a pettycoat might breed a 'ruction in the sittlement.

Intendin' to address you agin' shortly on the state of picayunny affairs in this country,

I remain, yer affeckshnit cozzen,

TERRENCE MAHONY.

[illegible]

DISINTERESTEDNESS OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

FROM DR. STEVEN'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE N. Y. STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY.

We claim to constitute, or represent a liberal profession; and the very idea or essence of a liberal profession, as distinguished from a trade, is that the acquisition of money is not its primary object. Nor is it so with physicians.

Was the introduction of inoculation for the small-pox a speculation? Was the discovery of the preventive power of vaccination (the labor of close, unremitting, and careful research during a period of several years), was that made, or conducted with a view to personal emolument? As a matter of course Dr. Jenner, as soon as he had completed his discovery, published it—made it free to all mankind.

When quinine was first discovered, the mode of preparing it was immediately made known. Recently when some feeble attempts were stated to have been made to obtain a patent for the use of ether, or to conceal the process of etherization, the indignation of the profession was aroused from one end of our country to the other. The money changers were driven from the temple of Humanity.

Medicine a money making profession! Why one-third or more of the whole practice of medical men in the city of New York, is done without remuneration. The hospitals, the alms houses, the dispensaries, the medical and surgical cliniques, the eye infirmary, the orphan and lying-in asylums, the colored home, the institutions for the blind; in fine, all institutions of a charitable kind, so far as I know, are attended gratuitously; and many of them by some of the oldest and most eminent medical men. Nor are the out-door poor neglected. When they appeal to physicians, not for advice only, but often for services which keep us from our beds, they rarely ask in vain.

I have witnessed examples of self-denial, of steady holding fast on integrity, by scores of medical men; who, amid the pinchings of poverty, have refused to embark in schemes which would have given them wealth, had they chosen to seek it in the walks of quackery. When will the world do justice to such self-denying philanthropy?

A money making profession! Why the number of destitute widows and orphans of medical men became so great that a few years since, an association was formed, and is now in progress and successful operation, with a fund raised by their own contributions in New York, to secure from destitution after their death, their wives and children. It would have broken our hearts to have encountered them, in our daily visits to the alms-house or asy- [illegible]

EACH AND ALL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks in the field, yon red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.
I thought the sparrow's note from Heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.
Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground,
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

A COMMUNITY OF GOODS.

It is visionary to imagine that the principle or instinct which makes us prefer our own interest to that of others, should ever be eradicated from the human breast. A community of labor and of goods, supposing it were established, would give the principle of selfishness a different direction from what it takes when left to itself; and would render it a source of indolence and poverty, instead of labor and wealth. But though perverted, its power would not be lessened. Suppose you have a thousand individuals who live and labor in common; in this, as in all similar cases, it would be obvious to every one of [illegible]

The *chaussure* should be very carefully attended to; for this reason, that, being less seen, the feet are the more observed. A tight shoe, and one too much covering the instep, are to be shunned; the latter gives the appearance of large feet.

OF HARMONY OF COLOR IN DRESS.—The reader will have observed, that in our remarks on Costume we have avoided all allusion to color. The reason is, that color and form are distinct things, and do not in the slightest degree depend upon each other. Though inferior in importance to form, still it is well known how much may be done by the harmonious arrangement of the hues in a dress to the advantage of a lady's personal appearance. All violent contrasts, such as red and blue, ought to be avoided. Where any primary color is introduced, it ought to be put next to secondaries. For example, a pink bonnet should be followed by a lilac scarf, which might be followed by either a pink or blue dress, or one in which those colors predominate. But black and white harmonize with every color, and it is desirable to introduce them in equal proportion with colors, in order to subdue the brilliancy of the latter, and avoid any approach to gaudiness. White and black suit most complexions, and are generally considered the most becoming. Otherwise red should be the dominant color for brunettes, and blue for blondes. Pale blue and pink, with white stripes, or arabesques, are to be preferred. Green will suit almost every complexion, and harmonizes with most other colors. Blue or yellow, however, must never be placed by the side of green, unless in flowers, were the smallness of the masses of color, and the necessity of brilliant contrast, is appreciable. The same rule applies to jewelry, of which, with other matters, we shall treat of next.

JEWELRY.—In the use of jewelry great care and taste are required; and we should advise our young lady friends to dispense with ornaments altogether. Indeed, we doubt not but ear-rings will one day be regarded with as much ridicule as are now the nose-rings of the savages. Till those days of pure taste and enlightenment arrive, it behoves us to use all our judgment in the selection of these ornaments, which are far more apt to detract from than add to beauty.

To brooches or pins, used either really or apparently to confine a dress, riband, or scarf, the above remarks scarcely apply. But in the choice of ear-rings, bracelets, or necklaces, worn obviously without any useful purpose beyond personal adornment, they are to be borne constantly in mind. The ear-rings should be light in appearance as well as weight, as they produce absolute deformity by dragging down the ear. The necklace or chain should be either of pearls, [illegible]

Agricultural.

FACTS IN FARMING.

FROM THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

Orange County, New York, January 10th, 1849.

FEEDING MILCH COWS IN WINTER.—On the 25th of December, 1847, I commenced an experiment with 8 cows, dividing them into two lots, four in each, and weighed the milk of each lot for six days. Lot No. 1 averaged 18 pounds of milk to each cow per day, and lot No. 2, 17 pounds each.

On the 31st of December, of the same year, I commenced feeding Lot No. 1 with four quarts of dry Indian meal to each cow per day, for six days, which resulted in no change as to the quantity of milk. I then increased their feed to eight quarts of Indian meal per day, for six days more, at the end of which, the average yield of each cow was only 16 pounds of milk. Lot No. 2 were fed at the same time as Lot No. 1, with the same quantities of scalded Indian meal, made into a slop, which ended in the same result.

Feeling convinced that Indian corn would not pay for the production of milk, I commenced feeding Lot No. 1 with half a bushel of ruta-bagas per day to each cow. In two days, the four cows increased their milk 10 pounds; in three days 16 pounds. [20 pounds each?] which latter quantity they maintained during the next twelve days following. Lot No. 2 were fed, during this time, with half a bushel of sugar beets per day to each cow, which terminated with the same result as Lot No. 1.

I then gave each cow of Lot No. 1 four quarts of ground buckwheat per day, made into a slop, which resulted in the same manner as when fed with the ruta bagas. In the mean-time, the cows of No. 2 were fed with eight quarts of wheat bran per day, but without change as to the produce of their milk.

During the time the above described experiments were performing, the cows had as much good hay as they would eat, with free access to water during the day, and were put up [illegible]

The Olio.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.—*Lowell.*

ANECDOTE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who, hesitating in his choice between two young ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all three were wandering in a garden that one of the girls, in her haste to pluck a new blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn; it bled freely, and applying the petals of a white rose to the wound, she said, smiling, "I am a second Venus, I have dyed the white rose red." At that moment they heard a scream; and fearing the other young lady, who had loitered behind, had met with an accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertinacious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded finger, that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but most amiable of the two young friends.

BE EASY.—A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with our language, being introduced to a circle of young ladies and gentlemen in Boston, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady; and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her, (his countenance, however, expressed the emotion of his heart,) he seized her by the hand—she requested him to be easy—which he mistook for the French word *baisez*, (kiss me,) and began kissing her, to the mirth of the whole company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never to say "be easy" to a Frenchman.

A TOBACCO ANECDOTE.—John Anderson's "honey dew" tobacco came into notice in the following way. John, who is a shrewd wag, hired some score of well dressed people to go round one after another, and inquire for the "honey dew" [illegible]